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GOING UP, AND COMING DOWN.

A steamboat's boiler once blew up,
Many on board were drownded,
And many reported "missing"—but
Old Herr Van Krout was founded.

Well, some weeks after, when a court
Was held 'bout this disaster,
That as a witness, Carl Van Krout
Convulsed the court with laughter.

They asked him when he last had seen
The captain of the boat;
For by his story, he had been
"In talk" with Captain Voort.

But neither judge nor lawyer there
Though sore their brains they taxed,
Could get Van Krout to tell them where
He saw the captain last.

Full many a time he scratched his head,
As if in puzzled thought;
Till all at once, he eager said,
"I'll tell you all mein Gott."

"Te poiler busted, and te smoke
Struck me right to te ground;
Te last I saw him he vent up,
And met me coming down!"

THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER I.

The Race Course—The Fireman and the Little Pugilist—The Lottery Ticket—A Game at Grab—A Rough Customer—Nose Pulling and a "Free Fight"—"Sail in, Boys!"—Pugilism Rampant—Jack in a Dilemma—"Live Oak"—The Rescue—New-York—"Where's Your Coat?"

The day was piping hot. Old Centreville Race Course was crowded with the admirers of turf sports. "Tanglefootod Ned," a 2:24 Kentucky "flyer," and "Dusty Kate," a speedy, sparse, spunky specimen of Yankee horse flesh, were "up" for a five mile "go," to harness, for a purse and gate money, and the thousands that flocked around were sweltering in their leathers beneath the intensity of Old Sol's scorching rays.

In the friendly shade, beneath the judges' stand, discussing the merits of the two nags, were congregated a group of men, and as three of the crowd are to figure extensively in our narrative, it is but proper that we should point them out.

There was Mark Blake, whose appearance indicated a thorough bred sporting gentleman. He was a man about five feet ten inches in height, well proportioned, with a frame well knit and compact. His complexion was rather florid, while his features were strikingly handsome. By his side stood a man whose dress betrayed him as a New-York Fireman. He gloried in the name of Frank Clerkson, which, sounded in the ears of a certain class of men, struck terror to their souls. Frank was of the same personal calibre as his friend Blake, excepting that his visage was dark and swarthy, to which was added an immense black moustache, giving a ferocious aspect to his features, which, otherwise, were considered "good looking." Frank was not classed as a pugilist, but he knew how to employ his mawleys when required, and could hit out as rapid as a thunderbolt. A short distance from the red shirt stood Jack Moreton, a light-weight pugilist, and the *protege* of Blake. Moreton was a good fighter, having earned many laurels in the P. R. He stood five feet four inches, but was rather stout, and inclined to corpulence when not in fighting condition. His face always beamed with sunshine, which was a pretty fair index of his warm disposition.

The trio, Mark, Frank, and Jack, were fast friends, and sworn to each other in fidelity during life. If one was in difficulty, the remaining two assisted him out of it. Did Mark run out of the "needful," Clerkson's purse was open to his necessities, and *vice versa*. With this brief exposition of our three friends, we will "let 'em slide," to go on with our story.

The betting on the result of the race was quite lively, and Moreton, feeling disposed to "take a hand in," exclaimed:

"I'll bet two to one on the Kentuck horse," adding, as he flourished a few "blotting papers" between his digits, "Who'll see me?"

"No betting among friends, Jack," replied Blake, smiling.

"I'll take that, Moreton," cried Clerkson, advancing towards the little pugilist.

"Plank your 'possibles,' then," responded Jack.

"Here you are, my Dumpling," and the fireman produced a flimsy bit of printed paper that looked like a veteran bank note. As Moreton's eyes caught sight of the paper, he said quizzingly:

"More wild cat, Frank?"

"Good money," said Clerkson in response, "or as good as money—swear to my hubs if it ain't!"

"Oh!" said Blake, who had been examining the doubtful note.

"Ain't it good?" vociferated Frank.

"Oh, go 'way," said Moreton, "Why, it's only a lottery ticket."

"Not worth a penny, I suppose?" interrogated Frank.

"Not a penny," added Jack.

"Well, I say it is—plug my pipe if it ain't!"

"Can't choke it off on me, Frank."

"I'll sell it, then. Take it? Only four dollars. See. 'Full Ticket, Havana Lottery. Prize, $65,000. No. 3860.' Better buy it, Jack."

"Where did you get it, Frank!" enquired Blake.

"Andy Black, the knuck of Spring street, gave it to me," replied Frank.

"Well, that's singular," said Blake. "I thought you was going to serve him out the first time you met him, for some insult he offered to a lady friend of yours?"

"I did owe him a grudge," answered the fireman, smilingly, "but you see, Blake, this morning, after a visit to Carson, the Chief, I fell afoul of Andy in the Park, who was on a 'lay,' and as he saw me a comin' he turned pale. I collared him, and he thought he was going to get it sure; having no 'swag' about him, as he called it, he brined me with this here ticket, which, he said, he took from his 'blowen,'* who 'kidded'† a high bloke'‡ into a 'drum' on Anthony street—now Worth street—where he got 'lushy,' and she shook him down—the d—d foo-foo! I wouldn't er took his 'swag,' even if he had any, but would have punched his head, but he was too shaky to lay out, so I took this rag just for greens—swear to jimini quick if I didn't!"

At this revelation of the disputed paper, Mark considered that there was, after all, some value attached to it, and coaxing Morton aside, said to him:—

"You know my wallet was lost on the road. I can't purchase that ticket, or I would. Frank wants immediate funds to bet with; you must supply him with the cash—give him his price for that ticket—perhaps fortune will favor you with its possession."

Moreton only gave a smile in answer to the request.

"Jack," said Blake, laying great stress upon his words, "you go to scale in six days for your fight with Bill Kernan. You know how much is down towards the stakes?"

"There's four hundred down, and Benton will make the other one hundred good on scaling day."

"Just so," replied Blake, "but suppose he declines, and forfeits?"

"What?"

"You will become branded as a coward—you only will suffer."

"But my backer is sound."

"Don't be too sure of that. Bob Clifford hates you, and I, being your friend, he seeks to damage your reputation as a prize-fighter."

"What has that scoundrel to do with the match."

"This much. Benton and Bob have been seen together. You may now see what I am drifting at."

"A put up job!" and the game little fellow who never quailed before an adversary grew pale and nervous.

"I anticipate as much," responded Blake, adding, "we must endeavor to avert any calamity that may threaten us from that quarter. Should Benton go back on us, we are done for; but to be prepared for any such emergency, I wil set my wits to work to procure twice the amount required."

"Thank you," said Jack, almost overcome with emotion.

"Now about the ticket?"

"That is of no use to me."

"Jack, if I fail to procure means to carry on this match, you are done for. Now, in that event, suppose this ticket should prove a hit—imagine the power of gold—will you buy it?"

"Pshaw, Mark, I can't throw four dollars away on such a bare risk."

"But you must. See there, Jack!" and Mark pointed his finger at Clerkson, who was apparently driving a bargain with an elderly-looking gentleman for the ticket. "Frank is selling that note. By heavens it shall not be! Quick, Jack, or it is lost! But Jack still hesitated to obey. "By the thunders, that man shall not have it!" and Blake dashed forward into a throng that had assembled around the "tradesman," and as Frank was about to deliver the much-coveted paper to the gentleman, Blake snatched it from his hand, saying, as he bowed a graceful apology to the astonished purchaser:—

"Beg your pardon, sir, but my friend here, Mr. Moreton, possesses a prior claim to this document," and then addressing Frank, very coolly enquired:—

"How much did you say, Frank?" Blake's nonchalance served to throw the fireman off his guard but little, and admiring his "pal's" impudence, replied with a wink and a comical smile:—

"Six dollars to you;" a dollar more than he was to receive from the first bargain, and two more than he originally asked Moreton to pay. The disappointed gentleman retired from the crowd quite disgusted, but kept within hearing distance of the three friends.

"That's the way they bull it in Wall street," cried Clerkson, as he pocketed the six dollars. "I tell you what, Mark, I'm some on a spec.; stuff my nozzle if I aint!"

Blake now gave the supposed representative of sixty-five thousand dollars a minute examination, and discovered that the drawing would not take place for a month hence; so it was left to him to look after Moreton's interests as best he could, in connection with the approaching fight with Bill Kernan.

As Jack stowed the ticket away into the depths of his coat pocket, accompanying the action with the remark, "I guess you aint what my friend Mark prognosticates," he proposed a small wager to a stranger standing near him.

"Bet on what?" queried the man, in an angry tone, who was dressed in the very flash costume of the days we treat of.

"On the race," replied the little prize fighter, producing a few notes that remained in his possession.

"I'm not a betting man."

"Better men than you bet," put in Clerkson.

"Sir?"

"That's me!" echoed the fireman, drawing nearer to the stranger.

"Frank Clerkson—"

"Me again," interrupted Frank, who was always ready to 'jump in.'"

"I know you, so don't assume too much atmosphere around me; I might spile your lips."

This was a little too emphatic in its meaning for one of Frank's disposition and tweaking the speaker's nasal ornament "'twixt his finger and thumb," he received for the compliment a spanking one-two, on the head and neck, that grassed him on the spot.

The "striker-out" was evidently not alone, for the moment Clerkson went down, several rowdies closed in on him, separating him from Blake and Moreton.

"A free fight," shouted Moreton, throwing off his coat.

"Take a hand, boys, and sail in," yelled Blake to a party with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and four able-bodied youths, that knew their biz., joined him and Moreton, and they "sailed in"

The first man that turned to confront Jack, was a giant of a fellow, who put up his "fives" in a style that disgusted the dwarf pugilist. Jack measured his man at full length, and feinting with his left, sent home his right on the stomach, causing "big thing" to double up like a half-closed jack-knife. Scorning to kick a foe down, Moreton stepped over the prostrate man, and tapped another "buffer" on the back of the neck, laying him out in good order. Meantime the fireman had regained his footing, and was "sloshin'about" fearfully. Blake and his "volunteers" not being idle in the "good work under consideration."

As the fight became general, Moreton discovered himself hemmed in from the side of his friends, and almost exhausted from his exertions; in vain did he attempt to break the circle of rowdies that seemed too eager for his blood. While calculating upon what course was best to pursue, he received a blow from behind that felled him senseless to the earth; it was administered by the stranger, who was powerfully built, and capable of killing an ordinary man with his "sledge-hammer"-like fist

The row was a holiday time with the "gonnoffs,"§ and "knucks," who "sailed in" with their "bunches of fives," in a lively and profitable manner, as race courses are inevitably attended by 'blokes,"‖ who bear in their "clys"¶ "fubsey dummeys,"** to invest on their favorite "prads."††

The fireman engaged every man that came in his path, and as he was about to "pay off" a left-handed compliment to a gentleman in deep black, the party "put up his hands" in true scientific style, and with an apology of a "sweet smile," exclaimed—

"Live Oak!"

"Hello, Jim!" cried Frank in return; "was just a going to let out," and Frank's breathing manifested but little distress.

"What's the row?" inquired the new comer.

"Grease my axles if I can tell just now—an assault, that's all. See them roosters, will yer? They've surrounded Jack Moreton; let's into them," and Clerkson, followed by "Jim," struck into the crowd, but they were too late, as Jack went down, as before related.

Joined by Blake, the trio swept everything before them, dealing "persuaders" at every step, until they rescued the little gladiator, who lay upon the ground, bleeding and insensible.

Blake raised him in his strong arms and bore him from the crowd, into the open air. An application of cold water restored the pugilist to consciousness, and being faint, a carriage was brought. At the suggestion of "Jim," the three men accompanied Jack from the course to New-York, where his case was promptly attended to.

To be thus beaten, presented a meagre prospect for Morton's chances of showing to good advantage in the forthcoming "mill" with Kernan, and brooding over this fact, as he lay upon a couch, he became fretful.

"You must compose yourself, Jack," remarked Blake, as Moreton expressed doubts as to his condition; "I can bring you around in time. Well, Jack, here's a go! Where's your coat?"

"Lost, I guess, if you ain't got it."

"Lost?"

"Yes I suppose so. I threw it aside when the row commenced."

"Your lottery ticket?"

"Was in the breast pocket."

"Then the coat must be found."

"That will be impossible if any of the 'crossmen' laid 'forks' on it."

"I shall recover it, nevertheless!" exclaimed Blake, seizing his hat, "if I have to ferret every crib in town;" and leaving orders with the landlady to give every needful attention to Moreton, he dashed from the house out into the street, and with a rapid stride disappeared around the corner leading to Broadway.

CHAPTER II.

Mark Blake and the Two Ladies of "Easy Virtue"—The Crisp Bagnio and What Happened There—A Plot—The Unknown and the Beauty—Love and Action—Hettie's Discovery—A Woman's Love Rebuked—"Stop Thief!"—The Ladies' Champion—A Knock Down Meeting—"Skedaddle."

Undecided in his course, Mark hastened down Broadway until he arrived at Canal street, where he was met and accosted by two female beauties, garbed in the most extravagant extremes of the fashions of the season.

One of them was a dashing specimen of her sex, and the envy of one half of the divine creatures that travel Broadway during shopping hours. Her name was Lilly Salome, and notwithstanding her "make up" and rare beauty, one could observe by her demeanor that she belonged to a class characteristic of "easy virtue." The lady accompanying her was a perfect little piece of wasted beauty, of "sweet sixteen," or thereabouts, for when Nature gave to her a Venus-like form, with a bewitching face, the old Dame committed an egregious blunder, and might have bestowed the favors on one more worthy. Such envied gifts. This favored female was known "among men" as Miss Hettie Fletcher.

It must not be supposed that "our gals," being lost to "innocence and purity," were common courtezans, who "pave" Broadway to fascinate weak, feeling men. No. They scorned to be recognized as such "low, vile, unprincipled wretches;" they were independent characters, and as such, enjoyed the privilege of independent notions, which begot the idea in their heads that they were but "Female Adventurers."

"Beautiful evening, Mr. Blake," said Lilly, as they met.

"Very fine," replied Blake.

"You look pale, Mark," added Hettie; "been losing on the races, as usual?"

"I did not bet," responded Blake. "Which way?"

"To Madame Crisp's, in Wooster street—go with us?" and Lilly cast her black eyes upon Mark, who, forgetting his errand, gave way to her desires, and taking the arms of his captors, escorted them to Madame Crisp's, a rendezvous of that particular *status* that is condemned by those men who pray and sing psalms at home, and hug the devil behind the door.

Entering the Crisp "bagnio," Blake and his company were ushered into a private parlor up stairs; but as he was about to ascend the stairway, his eye caught sight of the identical individual that we introduced on the race course, as the stranger, with a fair, but fat, fallen angel star sitting at ease upon his knees, and playfully twisting his moustache.

Blake would have turned into the room and accosted him, but remembering he had company, he thought better of it, and concealing his surprise at seeing the man, he hastened up stairs, followed by Lilly and Hettie.

Wine was supplied at the order of Lilly, and after a drink or two she produced a bunch of *cigarettes*, and smoking took the place of drinking; meantime, Blake interested the ladies with a full account of the affair, not forgetting to touch upon his suspicions relative to Moreton's backer.

Lilly possessed a warm interest for Moreton, because the prize-fighter once rescued Hettie from the hands of a villain, at the risk of his own life, and the act was never forgotten by either woman; and as Blake recited his doubts about the match going on, she said:—

"If I can assist the poor fellow, I'm ready to do so; but you see, Mark, Hettie and myself are not flush just now; still we may contrive to rake a pile some how or other."

Blake thanked the woman for her friendship towards Moreton, but declined her offer, saying that it would be too much for her to dispose of.

"Moreton may as well accept our money," said Hettie, "for if we make a haul, the chances are it will go as easy as it may be earned."

"And if you refuse, Mark, I'll never speak to you again, never," added Lilly.

As Mark was a favored one with Lilly, he concluded to say no more about the matter, but allow the two ladies to have their own way.

"If Morton is willing, I am satisfied" said he; "and the sooner he learns of your kind remembrance of him, the better; for in the event of his refusal, I must look to other sources."

"He won't refuse us," exclaimed Hettie. "I'll go and see him myself, and make him accept the money. I'll see him to-night."

"Then, suppose you seek him now; you know where to find him," said Blake, smiling.

"Yes I know—you want to be alone. I see. But I won't remain to prevent—"

"Well, really, if you ain't smart," said Lilly, with an affected stare at Hettie; "just as if we cared for your presence. Do we, Mark?"

"Not at all; but then, Lilly, it's better for her to see Jack at once, and as neither of us two will remain here any length of time, she had also better proceed to her residence after her interview with Moreton."

"Oh, I ain't going to return here, you bet," replied Hettie; "I've got an engagement as well as other people," and the girl left the seat and approached the door. Lilly now seated herself on Blake's knees, and twining her arms around his neck, kissed him.

"Oh! fie," cried Hettie; "that's intended as a parting salute for me—wish you a good time together; bye, bye," and laughing immoderately, she vanished.

"She takes the cue well," said Lilly, parting Mark's hair on his forehead. "It's quite an age, Mark, since I saw you last. There's another weaning you from me."

Mark denied the accusation, not that he cared for Lilly, but as the charge was a false one, he gave it a flat denial.

Upon Blake's assurance of his fidelity, the wanton woman gloried to herself in the sway she imagined she held over him, and then heaped upon her lover (?) all the words of endearment that were contained in her vocabulum.

To Blake, her words and actions were as the passing winds of winter; he was too melancholy and dispirited for warm embraces, and Lilly, observing his indifference to her attentions, pouted and withdrew to a sofa at the other end of the apartment, disgusted.

After feeding her eyes upon him with a wicked glare, she stamped her foot on the floor with such force as to elevate her dress above her knees, showing a pretty limb, with which Blake was too well acquainted, and intending that he should understand her motive.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed. But Blake answered her not, as he was amazed at the woman, she never having evinced such a disposition before. "What do you mean?" she repeated; "am I going to sit here alone?"

"Just as you like."

"Then I don't like."

A knock was heard at the door, to which Blake responded. It was Hettie, returned. She had not left the house; she had caught sight of the strange gentleman below, and hearing Blake's name pronounced by him, she hid herself behind a clothes press, in the hall, hoping to hear "further particulars," but as the conversation was carried on in too low a tone, she was disappointed in the womanly curiosity that prompted her to act as an eavesdropper; she, therefore, returned to the "happy pair above stairs."

"That is the same man that caused the fight on the track," said Mark, "and I must discover who he is."

"You can find that out very easily," remarked Hettie. Adding, as she detected the moroseness of Lilly, "Dumps, eh!"

"It's nothing," put in Blake; "she's suffering with a malady that she will soon recover from."

"You are a brute!" exclaimed Lilly.

"I was a 'dear' a moment ago" added Blake, jocosely; and affecting a smile, he continued, "You wanted to be my doe, but fawned too lavishly"—a rebuke to her want of delicacy, a virtue, which when disregarded by a female, be a man as base as his nature will allow, renders her a being of contempt to his sense of womanly propriety.

Feeling the force of his well timed remarks, Lilly remained silent, and could have wept with mortification had not her pride before Hettie sustained her. Blake felt that he was too severe with the girl, yet he would not retract his words, as he was a man that yielded none of his principles to circumstances, but always maintained them; and his resolution to maintain them often proved a source of annoyance, if not to himself, to those with whom he associated.

"Lilly," he said, approaching her, "you are [illegible] to most men in your blandishments, and by the exercise of your arts I desire you to seek the company of this man down stairs, to discover who he may be. Will you do it?"

It was now Lilly's opportunity to be the stubborn child, and her first thought was to decline to accede to the request; but as Mark might entreat Hettie, a jealousy arose within her, and sooner than see Miss Fletcher supercede her, she consented.

"How shall I set about it?" enquired Lilly, coquettishly.

"That question should not be propounded to me," replied Blake; "you know best how to enthral a man."

"And if she don't, I do," added Hettie; "at least, I can assist Lilly."

"Better leave the whole management of the affair to Lilly," essayed Mark, "she has had more experience in such matters than you. You may assist, if necessary."

The beautiful Hettie pouted a little, and exclaimed, "Am I not as handsome as Lilly, to entrap—to wind up a man to my wishes? Am I not deemed fascinating—beautiful?"

There is no knowing how far the girl would have gone in the enumerations of "self," had Lilly not interrupted her gently.

"I am older than you, Hettie, and allowing your superior personal advantages, though I cannot discover the superiority, you do not yet understand the deep mysteries of a woman's art—displaying the varied charms of our sex, to overpower the reason of man. I have had many campaigns in the field of duplicity and deceitful love, and I judge that the man below stairs is no silly one, and not easily to be overcome by woman's beauty alone."

In this Blake concurred, and leaving them to discuss the matter at more length, we will turn our attention to the individual to be entrapped.

"Do you know those ladies that were escorted up stairs just now?" he enquired of the girl sitting on his knee.

"They are strangers to me," was the response of the loose creature, "but they visit here very often. Say, aint you going to order the drinks?"

"Not now, rosy face"—he was alluding to the rouge that bedaubed her skin. "I would like to get in with the youngest one," he added; "wonder who she is?"

"Get out!" exclaimed the girl in a huff; "if you see more in her than you do in me, you'd better shinney up to her." Whereupon she left him abruptly, to meet a new caller at the door.

Making enquiries of Madame and of all the inmates as to who the two girls were, he felt enraged that none could furnish him with any definite information concerning Lilly and Hettie.

Determined to remain in the house until the girls with Blake departed, he made up his mind to "dog" their steps to discover, if by no other means, where his "game" put up, and with this design he seated himself to await their departure.

In about twenty minutes a woman's voice rang through the whole establishment.

"Stop thief!" shouted the voice. Mark Blake was heard descending the stairs. "Stop that man, stop him; he's robbed me!" and Lilly, with hair dishevelled, followed Mark down the stairs. All was confusion. The darkey doorkeeper stood in the hall-way, grasping the door knob, and grinning with alarm. Blake, reaching the last step, was opposed in his passage to the street door.

"Madame," said the stranger, "what is the charge?"

"He has robbed me of a diamond ring"

"And robbed me of a locket," cried Hettie.

"The charge is false," exclaimed Blake, fixing a bold eye on the stranger, who, thinking to work into the graces of the two girls, by volunteering as their champion, remarked to Blake:—

"You certainly are a thief, and a liar, too, in denying

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* Mistress of a thief. † Coaxed. ‡ A well dressed fellow.

§ Thieves high in their profession. ‖ Men. ¶ Pickpockets. ** Well filled wallets. †† Horses.

it;" but his speech was cut suddenly short by Blake, who administered to him a powerful blow under the right listener, felling him like an ox beneath the axe at the bull ring. Darting for the door, he was met by the sable son of Africa, who only obstructed the "right of way" to Mark to be the recipient of a blow that launched him into an oblivious dream of forty minutes duration. To open the door and "skedaddle" was but the work of a moment, and out Mark flew, bounding away as fast as his pins could convey him.—To be continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BURT, Fortress Monroe, Va.—1. Alec Reid fought a number of battles, and was victorious in not a few of them. 2. His deeds, with other particulars given herewith, will answer all your queries: "Alec Reid, (Chelsea Snob,) born Oct. 30, 1802, weight 10st. 7lb., beat Finch, 2 rounds, Five Fields, Chelsea, 1821; beat Young Abbott, a purse, 25 min., Wimbledon Common, July 8, 1822; beat a Walham Green Snob, 10 min., Moulsey Hurst, Aug. 14, 1822; beat Hearn, purse, 15 min., Moulsey Hurst, Oct. 22, 1822; beat Bob Yandall, £5 a side, 90 min., Battersea Fields, Jan. 14, 1823; beat Paddy O'Rafferty, £9, 63 min., 51 rounds, Hampton Common, March 26, 1823; beaten by Dick Defoe; beat a Brompton brickmaker, purse, 45 min., Crawley Downs, July 18, 1823; beat Harris (waterman), £20, 15 min., 14 rounds, Moulsey Hurst, Aug. 12, 1823; beat Joe Underhill, purse, £20 to the winner and £5 to the loser, 8 rounds, 19 min., Chatham Lines, Oct. 21, 1823; beat J. Cooper, £20, 29 min., 20 rounds, Colnbrook, April 20, 1824; beat Jubb, £100 a side, 25 min., 17 rounds, Stowe, Worcestershire, June 4, 1825; beat Savage, Stortford, Sept. 21, 1825; beaten by Bishop Sharpe; draw with Bishop Sharpe, £50 a side, 4 rounds, Moulsey, Dec. 16, 1825; beaten by Tom Gaynor; beat a Yokel (turn-up for turnips), 6 rounds, Windsor, Oct, 17, 1826; beat Bishop Sharpe, £50 a side, 87 min., 91 rounds, Noman's Land, July 15, 1828; beat Perkins, £100 a side, 60 min., 54 rounds; Oxford, May 25, 1830."

S. W. V., Boston.—1. Although taking the usual precautions, we were led into a misunderstanding of the present laws of Massachusetts in answering W. T. G., last week. We should have stated that the Governer of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston are elected now every year. 2. You speak of "J. H. Lippard, a noted writer," etc. We presume that you mean George Lippard, who usually signed his name, for the papers, as "The Man In The Mask," etc. He has been dead several years. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, have his copyrights. 3. The Ethiopean comedian you inquire after, was lately with the Morris Brothers, in your city; and if he has left them, none of the usual "ceremonies" have been observed. 4. The date of the intended fight between Mace and King is one of those things which can only be told among persons who have "the office," in London. Of the precise date, we have not yet been informed. Some time the latter part of the present month, no doubt.

W. T. G., Boston.—1. In answering your question of last week in relation to the terms of service for which the Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston are elected, we somewhat "strained a point" in order to answer the letter on the same day that it was received, and fell into the error of "good Massachusetts men" in saying that those officials are elected for two years, when we should have stated that they are now elected each and every year to serve one year, commencing in January of each year.

P. CLIFFORD, Chicago, Ill.—1. Ben Cotton gave his last performance in your town, in conjunction with Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels, on March 30, 1861. 2. He was end man. 3. We are not aware that he was ever end man of Mrs. Matt Peel's Campbell Minstrels.

J. G., Trenton.—We are not aware that there are any negro clerks employed in the New York Custom House; there may be some laborers engaged there, for heavy work, but we doubt that any of them receive $800 per annum.

FRED C., Warrenton, Va.—Glad you got the CLIPPERS all right, and can excuse you being a little "fidgetty." What you "go for to say" are our sentiments to a horseradish. Will send to England as requested.

FRED NICHOLS, Shoreditch, London.—Yours of Oct. 31st to hand. Have made a note of it. How's Terry-i-o the Grinder? Send that, too, when you put Jem in a letter. Document forwarded.

J. G., Farmington, Pa.—Get Beadle's Dime Book of Cricket, for the current year, through any bookseller, and you will have the needed information.

MINNIE, Philad'a.—Officers are not really necessary; but if you wish to keep up a regular organization, a president, secretary, and treasurer might be chosen to direct the affairs of the club.

THESPIAN, Norfolk, Va.—All right. The first number was sent last week. Is the address marked on the envelope the [illegible] you mailed?

C. E. T., Boston.—We have no other knowledge of their movements than that recorded from time to time in our theatrical department.

A. W., Philad'a.—Your lines would not look well in print, although they may answer very well for singing in concert saloons, etc.

JACKSON, THE AMERICAN DEER.—We have a letter for this noted "ped," but as he is in England, the party sending it should forward a twenty-four cent stamp to P. P.

JOSEPH COBURN.—We have a letter for you from England, and judging from the "handwrite," it is from Heenan. Step up to the Captain's office and get it.

PHOTOGRAPH.—The information you ask is one of the "secrets of trade" that they don't "blow on," so the best we can do for you is to advise a personal interview with an artist.

MYRTLE, Philadelphia.—We shall be happy to have you continue your correspondence whenever convenient to yourself.

J. C., & J. J., New York.—Hearts could not be trumps, and the cards should have been shuffled, cut, and dealt again.

TUCKER, Philad'a.—We cannot recall to mind the individual referred to.

S. P., Chicago.—1. Ben Caunt is dead. 2. It was Bob Caunt that fought Yankee Sullivan in this country, and not Ben.

TAR RIVER.—There are but six cards dealt to each player, in the game of "Seven Up," or "All Fours."

R. H. N.—Of their peculiar line of business we were never informed.

A. B., Eng.—All serene here. Advices from you are hourly expected. How's everybody's "poor feet?"

F. M. T.—His name is said to be Haslem, we believe.

A READER, Toronto.—C cannot play it alone on B's make.

FAST RUNNING.—GREATEST DISTANCE EVER RUN WITHIN AN HOUR!—The Indian, Deerfoot, as will be seen by a report in another part of this issue of the CLIPPER, has succeeded in running a longer distance in one hour than has ever before been accomplished. Previous to the race under notice, Jackson, the American Deer, stood first on the record, he having accomplished eleven miles and forty-eight yards in the hour; but now Brighton surpasses Jackson's performance, and Deerfoot eclipses Brighton, the Indian running eleven miles and a quarter, and 280 yards, in one hour. This is certainly an extraordinary performance, and throws in the shade all similar efforts throughout the world. We regret that Deerfoot should permit his victorious career to be tarnished by being associated with a gang of swindling speculators.

THE COMING PASSAGE AT ARMS between Jem Mace and Tom King is at last creating quite a talk in the sporting world, and some little betting has been done at odds on Mace. We look for a bold battle, for a desperate contest, and no children's play. We say we look for it, for both are good men, and if Mace doesn't get hit *too* hard, he will "stay his time out;" but Tom is a little better posted now than he was in his previous fight, and we shall be greatly surprised if he does not astonish some of the Londoners. Preparations for the encounter are being made, and the boys look forward to the day with a good deal of interest in the result of the meeting. Heenan will probably be there to see, and take notes of the proceedings.

TOMMY BURNS'S RAFFLE—WILLIAM SKELLEY WINS THAT TEAM.—The raffle announced in our last came off Nov. 11th, and that handsome pair of grey mares, rockaway, bran new double harness, etc., was won by a brother-in-law of Mr. Burns, Wm. Skelley, Burns's throw for him amounting to 40. Al Conney of the "Express," came within one of it, throwing 39. There were forty chances, at $10 a chance. Soon after Tommy won the prize in the first place, he drove around with it to our office and made a call—we therefore speak by the card in asserting it to be a grand turn-out, fit for a nobleman, and congratulate the lucky winner.

"THE PIRATES OF THE PRAIRIES, a new book of adventures in the American Desert," by Gustave Aimard, is just published by Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, at 50 cents, in paper. More than your money's worth in both quantity and quality. Read it. Fred. A. Brady, 29 Ann street, is the New-York agent.

EXPOSURE OF A GANG OF SWINDLERS.

Deerfoot, the Indian foot racer, together with a number of his confederates in crime, have at last been brought up with a round turn in England, where their swindling operations have been carried on for a year or more without hindrance. This gang commenced their thievish proceedings in this country, and gave one or two races on one of our Long Island tracks. Several of the gang were sent for from this side, and in connection with the Indian—here known as Bennett, but called Deerfoot, in England—were to give races throughout the country, for the purpose of making money for themselves by the most dishonorable means. These races were not to be governed by the rules of honor or fair dealing, but were intended to swindle the public by having everything arranged beforehand, who should win, and who should lose, just as the outside betting should warrant. We had an eye on these fellows as soon as they arrived here, and if our readers will refer to their back files, they will see where we exposed the whole concern, the result of which was, that the scamps gave up the speculation here, and dead broke, were compelled to ask assistance to get back to England. They came here for the express purpose of swindling our people, but they were baulked in their designs, and gave up their "enterprise" in this country as a losing job. On returning to England they took the Indian, Bennett, with them, and from that time until very recently, they have been robbing the people of England by means of fraudulent races. A man named George Martin seems to have been the leading spirit in these bogus races. Wm. Howitt, better known as Jackson, the American Deer, was one of the parties to the fraud, and it was through him that the speculation exploded. Self-interest prompted him to "blow the gaff" on his confederates. It appears that Jackson was employed at so much per week, to run races with the Indian and others, and that Martin, by means of certain signals, would direct the runners how to place themselves during the races and at the outcome. Martin, it is alleged, did not pay Jackson his share of the plunder, and the latter brought suit for it; and it was during the investigation that the nature of the frauds committed was made known. A report of the trial was published in last week's CLIPPER. As for Jackson, we look upon him in the same light as we look upon the others. Just so long as he received his share of the plunder, just so long he assisted in robbing the public. As soon as his perquisites were cut down, then he turned against his fellows in iniquity. He should not be trusted any sooner than the others. It is not the first time he has been caught in such tricks. When he was in this country, several years ago, he practised the same system of bogus foot racing, and swindled a great many people by it. The CLIPPER was not then in existence, or the trade of this man would have been nipped in the bud. Our people have had their eyes opened of late years, and they are not so easily gulled as they formerly were. In England, the case seems to be different. For upwards of a year have these frauds in foot racing been carried on, and some of the nobility, and Royal family, even, have been made victims to the deception, for the Prince of Wales witnessed one of the races, and afterwards presented the Indian with a purse of money. We trust that an example may be made of the whole gang, and suitable punishment meted out to all engaged in the disgraceful proceedings.

GEN. McCLELLAN.

Once more is this earnest, uncomplaining patriot, and the most able General in the National Army, made the victim of party hatred, and once again has he been removed from active service just as his plans were being matured for a successful issue and a well earned triumph. But the malicious smiles of his now triumphant enemies will be but of brief duration, and what they regard as a blow that will condemn him to future obscurity and retirement, will be the means of placing him in a position that will ultimately cause him to achieve a triumph that his implacable foes will regard with wonder and mortification.

Most *appropos* has the admirable exposition of Prince De Joinville appeared, for a more complete and thorough vindication of the deposed favorite of the army could not have been written than the said same description by De Joinville. All the shafts of infamous lies and slanders of McClellan's partizan foes as well as those of disappointed office seekers who seek to revenge themselves on him, fall harmless from the shield thus held up by his noble companion in arms.

To give a tithe even of the able exposition of McClellan's plans in his campaigns, would occupy far more space than we could devote to the subject. Suffice it to say, however, that the daily papers have presented it to the general public in a manner that will at once turn the tide that the malice of Little Mac's radical foes had caused to flow against him, and now we should not be surprised to see it run in his favor as much as it has of late gone against him.

It is well for the nation that this testimony comes from a source entitled to universal respect. Versed in the highest degree of military science, and in the diplomacy of the age, the Prince De Joinville is admirably qualified for the task he has performed, and his history of McClellan's career must silence forever the vile slanders of his lying enemies.

In the report of the Committee of Investigation into the cause of the surrender of Harper's Ferry, the Commissioners go out of their way to imply censure on Gen. McClellan, for not sending reinforcements in time to save the place. In the evidences given in the report, however, the fact is proved that Franklin's corps was sent up in time to release Col. Ford, had that officer chosen to avail himself of their assistance; and this very fact is made the grounds of complaint against Ford, and yet the commissioners stultify themselves with unjust censure of McClellan. We notice that two or three of the officers whom the *Tribune* correspondent complained of for assault, have been arrested to answer. These arrests were announced by telegraph without expressing the why and wherefore. The fact is, there is a determined effort to injure McClellan in every way possible, and no dirty stone will be left unturned to achieve the object: but the administration had better "call off its dogs" ere it be too late.

THE CLIPPER AS A RECORD OF AMUSEMENTS.

Not only is the NEW YORK CLIPPER the great sporting authority on this continent, but it is, also, the organ of amusements, and as such it is recognized the world over. Glance over our columns; theatricals, concerts, circusses, minstrels, everything and everybody connected with amusements have a place in our theatrical record. Managers and people begin alike to see its usefulness as an advertising medium; their wants are made known through our columns, and all alike profit by the trifling outlay it subjects them to. Managers in search of people can generally trace them up through the medium of the CLIPPER, which circulates everywhere. We have advertisements from all the principal cities in the Union. This week our record of amusements contains advertisements of places of amusement in NewYork, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Norfolk, Va., Brooklyn, St. Louis, Detroit, Rochester, San Francisco, Cal.; Liverpool, Eng.; Cleveland, Albany, Harrisburg, Columbus, Ohio; Memphis, Tenn.; Providence, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, D. C.; Louisville, Ky., and Milwaukee. No other paper in the country can show such an extended front, not even the dailies. Should our advertising patronage continue to increase, we shall be compelled to exclude some of our miscellaneous matter, in order to make room for the favors of our professional friends. Notwithstanding the great increase in the price of paper, and the government tax on advertisements, our advertising rates will continue as heretofore; and those who are just beginning, and are too poor to pay for advertising, can have a show in our columns without money and without price. All aboard!

A LOVELY "PET."—Pet Halstead, the individual who is doing so much to injure the memory of the dead Kearney, still keeps up his fire on McClellan. What does the "Pet" want? Is it a little government pap? If so, by all means let him have it, for poor Kearney's sake. The good name Kearney is supposed to have left behind him, is being filched away by his professed friends, foremost among whom is the immaculate Pet Halstead. Give the Pet some pap.

COMING TO A FOCUS.

COBURN, GOSS, AND POSH PRICE.

Just as we go to press, we are in receipt of an English letter by the Europa for Joe Coburn, but not having seen Joe, cannot specify its precise nature. The direction, however, is in John C. Heenan's, or his brother's handwriting, and by it we perceive our champion was then at Bridgewater, a town in the south of England. About a month ago we mentioned that John C. had been written to concerning the prospects of a fight there, and this document very likely contains important news about that same thing. In our next we shall probably know all about it.

In connection with Goss and Posh Price, we clip the following from the London *Illustrated Sporting News*, of Nov. 1st: "This long-winded affair has at length been satisfactorily adjusted, Price having accepted Goss's offer of £5 to fight for the money down, at catch weight, in the London district. The fixture is made for the 18th November, and we trust that faith will, on this occasion, be kept with the public." By a quotation from the *Sporting Life* elsewhere, however, things don't appear quite so nice. Presuming, however, that things have got ship-shape in that quarter by this time, it may be expected that ring-goers will have the extraordinary treat of two good mills within one week of each other, viz.: Goss and Price, and Mace and King. The Heenan brothers will most likely be at both, D. V. and Seth Howes being willing.

The *Sporting News*, in copying an editorial about Coburn and Goss from the CLIPPER of Oct. 18th, has the following note by the editor:—"Goss will naturally answer our anxious contemporary, to the effect that nothing can be done until after he has settled his differences with Posh Price, of Birmingham, when, doubtless, the matter will receive attention." That's the talk. At the time we wrote the paragraph alluded to, everybody on this side the water expected Goss and Price's little affair would be settled weeks age, and our error, if it can be called such, occurs "through unforeseen circumstances over which we had no control," etc. The ball is now started, however, and there is a possibility that Goss and Coburn *will* have a fight, after all. "Come on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries, Hold! enough!

THE BIG FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

SOME NEW WRINKLES ABOUT MACE AND KING.

By another letter from London, we are enabled to give several fresh items. A London correspondent, Fred N., says, under date of Oct. 31st, "I must give you the last bit of news respecting Jem Mace. I have been down to see him this week at Newmarket. He is stopping at a private house there, the one occupied by Sayers while training for the International. He is surprisingly strong and well—in fact, he is bigger and better than I ever saw him. During our walk he spoke with great confidence as to the result. I saw Tom King at Newmarket on the Cesarewitch day, and from his personal appearance he doesn't seem strong; he appears to train weak. He is finishing his course of sprouts at Woodford, accompanied by Bos Tyler. I think he will be seconded as before, while Jemmy Welsh and Harry Brunton will do the needful for the Champion. Nothing definite has been agreed upon yet." Mace appears to think there's luck in following the trail of Tom Sayers, training on the same ground and procuring the same seconds. We shall see all about this in due time.

THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

TEN BROECK "RAKES THE PILE" ONCE MORE.

On a later day (Thursday, October 30,) than that mentioned elsewhere of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Mr. Ten Broeck's American horse Maggiore won "an Optional Selling Plate," and the American horse Olive Branch, now owned by a Mr. Wadlow, secured third place. Here are the particulars of the go:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 30.—An Optional Selling Plate of 50 sovs; two year olds, 6st 10lb; three, 8st 10lb; four, 9st 8lb; five and upwards, 9st 12lb; the winner to be sold for £100: if for £80, allowed 5lb; if for £50, 12lb; entrance, 5 sovs; R.M.

Mr R TEN BROECK's Maggiore, by Lecomte—Evergreen (bred in America), 5 yrs, 9st (£50) ..... G Fordham 1
Mr G Bryan's Douche, by Weatherbit—Remedy, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb, (£50) ..... Wynne 2
Mr Wadlow's Olive Branch, by Lexington—Benita's dam, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb (£50) ..... H Grimshaw 3
Mr Goddard's Peru, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£50) ..... Clement 0
Mr Price's f by Rataplan—Brilliant's dam, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£50) ..... J Mann 0
Lord Annesley's c by Marsyas—Glance, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb (£50) ..... S Adams 0
Mr York's The Principal, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£50) ..... Daley 0
Mr Henry's Hampton Court, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb (£50) ..... Carroll 0
Mr Lapidist's The Maltster, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb (£80) ..... Morgan 0
Mr Beaumont's Devotee, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb, (£80) ..... Whiteley 0
Mr Flutter's Anaticulus, by Neville—Wild Duck, 2 yrs, 6st 10lb (£100) ..... Gray 0
Mr Wyon's Nawadaha, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb (£50) ..... Mordan 0
Mr Ashworth's Peneus, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£50) ..... Custance 0
Mr Ward's Foie de Gras, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb (£50) .... A Woodhouse 0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst the Glance colt, 4 to 1 agst Hampton Court, 5 to 1 agst Douche, and 10 to 1 agst Maggiore. The Maltster cut out the work, with Peru, Olive Branch, and Douche in attendance, Maggiore and Principal being the last two. They proceeded with little or no change until halfway up the cords, where Fordham called upon Maggiore, who answered very gamely, and a fine race ended in favor of the American by a head; Olive Branch beaten a length for second place.

By way of keeping Mr. Ten Broeck's "title clear," we also add that his horse Vaulter was beaten on the following day, by Mountain Buck, in a match for 100 sovs.; and, same day, his Dolphin in a 10 sovs. sweepstakes.

WHAT THE SOLDIERS THINK ABOUT "LITTLE MAC'S" REMOVAL.—A young friend of ours, Fred C., serving in the Union army, thus speaks of the general dissatisfaction felt by both officers and privates concerning General George B. McClellan's deposition. It was not intended for the public eye, but as we have had "opinions of the press" from all parts of the country, we choose to let a private soldier express his own opinion in the matter, guaranteeing that many a heart will respond to his sentiments. In a letter dated Warrenton, Va., Nov. 13, he says: "The dissatisfaction amongst the old Army of the Potomac on learning of McClellan's removal has been intense. Officers, even as high as generals, threaten to resign on that account. Privates say that they will not fight under any other man. Burnside might make a good commander, but the general opinion is that he is not competent enough to take command of such a large army as this: any how, we want the man we've always had, the man that we know is competent, the man that raised the army to what it now is, one of the finest in the world! It's a wonder to us all how he ever got along at all, with the pack of wolves continually assailing him from the North, and it was only his true loyalty to the Government that prevented him from resigning long ago. It was rumored last night that Gen. Meagher broke his sword, and that most all the officers in the Irish Brigade had sent in their resignations. One thing is certain, Burnside will never get the old Army of the Potomac to fight as well under him as they did under Little Mac." Thus speaks out a good and tried soldier, and by so doing he hurls back the lying concoctions and machinations about those on furlough being the only soldiers that stick up for our noble patriot, Gen. McClellan. Such foul means that were used to accomplish McClellan's removal, will one day recoil with fearful vengeance on the heads of his calumniators.

HARD ON BRIGADIER GENERALS.—Orphis Seeker, in one of his late letters from Washington, is not very sweet on Brigadiers. He says:—"Captain there's something missing from the rear-guard. Villiam assumed a thoughtful demeanor, and says he 'Is it a miss-fire?' 'No,' says the lieutenant agitatedly, 'but we miss two——' 'Not baggage wagons?' says Villiam, giving such a start that his war horse nearly tell upon his knees; 'don't tell me that two wagons are missing!' 'Why, no, said the lieutenant with emotion, 'it's not two wagons that we miss, but two Brigadiers!' 'Ah,' says Villiam, fanning himself with his cap, 'how you alarmed me, I thought at first it was two wagons. Let the procession go on, and I'll send for two more Brigs the next time I have a friend going to Washington!"

OBITUARY.—Died, at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, October 30, of congestion of the liver, Eliza T., wife of Thomas C. Burns, aged 34 years and 10 months. It is with sadness we have to record the death of this amiable, kind-hearted, and affectionate woman. Universally respected, a friend to all, her loss will be deeply and sincerely regretted everywhere. She was buried in Greenwood Cemetery on the 31st October, an immense number of persons attending the funeral, including the John D. Willard Lodge of F. and A. Masons and Eureka Lodge, No. 117, of I. O. of O. F.

A HERO.—General McClellan has proved himself a hero in every sense of the word. He has no complaint to make against those who have taken his command away from him, or against his enemies who have been so persistent in their attacks upon him. In leaving his soldiers he gave them some patriotic advice, and urged them to support his successor as they had supported him, and to stand by their country in this, its hour of trial. He exhibited no vindictive or resentful feelings, but calmly bowed to the commands of a superior authority. The country will do McClellan that justice which the administration has refused him. He is young, and will keep. A few years may see him in the place now occupied by Lincoln.

ANOTHER WESTHALL FEAT—ALMOST.—Singular enough, in this issue we give the greatest distance ever run inside an hour (by Deerfoot), and now record the next best walking match to the celebrated Charley Westhall. A Montreal paper says:—"On the 7th of November, at St. Catherine's, C. W., Mr. Joseph Smith, the pedestrian, accomplished the extraordinary feat of walking fourteen miles in one hour fifty-eight minutes and fifteen seconds. The first mile was walked in seven minutes fifty-six seconds, and the thirteenth in precisely seven minutes." Westhall's time of accomplishing the same distance was one hour fifty-seven minutes and twenty-five seconds. Coming pretty close to the great M.D. and pedestrian.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

"KINGSTON GEORGE" AT THE LAZARUS HOUSE.—Captain George Humphrey, otherwise "Kingston George," a whole-souled-up-river sporter, has been in town some few days, stopping at Izzy Lazarus's. There was a time when George could hold his own with anything of his weight and inches in the country; now, however, he's getting too "pussey," as the boys say, for fighting, and gives most of his time to boating. He owns half a dozen canal boats, keeps a restaurant in Buffalo, and is known all over the United States. He takes the balloon for Buffalo some time this week. *Bon voyage*, George, *bon voyage*.

ANDY HINES IN A NEW ROLE.—This great celebrity has opened a very fine house, called "McClellan's Camp," in Houston street, a few doors west of Broadway. We gave him a call the other night, and found a heap of noted men enjoying themselves in a sensible and rational way amongst them, Harry Pearson, Jim Cusick, Tobe Gallagher, Jimmy Mulholland, and others. We wish "Fizzie" all the good he can wish himself, "and more too." How's that?

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN.—Although the droll-looking Jim Carroll has left our city some weeks back, no news has yet arrived concerning his whereabouts, and his friends are getting fidgetty. If Nobby Clarke or Jemmy Elliott know anything about him, let 'em give us the cue. Where be'est thou, Jemmy Thee's not 'listed hast thee? It is just possible he may be going to pay a visit to Sylvanus Cobb, the Gunmaker of Moscow, to discuss whether Westley Richards is as good a musketeer as M. Gottschecough. We pause for a reply.

JACK BATH HAS A GO WITH ALEC ROBERTSON.—If there ever was a duck fond of sport, that duck is Ould Jack; he would get up earlier and go farther than any body else we know of, to see a merry mill. Nor is this all, he's never backward to a round or two himself when called upon, as he was quite recently in the Deer's Head, by the California bruiser, Alec Robertson. Jack and Alec had a rattling set-to there lately, when Bath knocked his man round like a whip-top. These impromptu private mills are getting all the fashion, but the deuce of it is, a fellow don't know when to be around.

GO SEE IT.—Jimmy Burns, of Center Market fame, whose brother is in partnership with Tim Macarty, of California, has just received a big picture from there, containing portraits of Burns, Macarty, Lazarus, and several others. Friends of these men will find it well worth visiting just to see how they have spread out the last few years by eating plenty of bear's meat and handling so much "goold." Jimmy himself is one of the right sort, ever ready to give any desirable information about men, manners, and things out in Californy. Fall in, men; fall in.

WHAT'S UP?—MONAGHAN AND DRUMGOOLE AT LOGGERHEADS.—These two game boxers somehow or other get entangled every time they meet, and make things fly. They had a climb only a week or so ago over an argument, and they say somebody got hurt pretty bad. This thing aint right: if there must be fight, why not have one good square box for a century or two some fine morning next month, and then let it drop altogether. No doubt both parties are of one mind, eager and anxious for the fray. What's the word, boys?

WHERE ARE YOU, DORSEY?—Several influential sporting men of our city are anxious to learn Young Dorsey's whereabouts, as to consummate a match between him and Grady. Step to John and show your muscle.

LET IT BE RECORDED.—Last week we spoke about Tim Macarty's deeds of merit, and we now hear that Johnny Lazarus is "gone and done likewise." He sent a lot of "yellow boys" home a day or two ago, with "a gem of a watch" for the pretty young Miss Rosy L. That's the kind of brotherly love we like to write about—it does everybody good to read of such acts of friendship, and speaks volumes for Jack's generosity. The air of California seems to have done all the boys good; they are shipping the specie to the "old folks at home" by the cart load. Men like Tim and Jack deserve to get along well—we like their style, and bet they have more satisfaction, (if possible,) in sending, than friends do in receiving these solid tokens of remembrance. So some more.

BOB SMITH'S HOUSE A' FIRE.—GREAT RALLY OF THE SPORTS TO TENDER THEIR SERVICES.—About half-past one Sunday morning, a terrible fire occurred in Houston street, Bob Smith's House, the Partridge, being one of the many burned out. No sooner were the boys made acquainted with the calamity, than they mustered in full force to help save what they could of the property. Jack Bath's, Bill Clarke's, and Izzy Lazarus's, were made temporary storehouses for Bob's goods until things get straight again. It's not right to joke over any man's misfortune, but we couldn't help laughing to see Jack Bath and Bill Clarke driving pell mell through the crowd, almost smothered with big mattrasses, bed clothes, and the like, all covered with mud and half soaked through—even Bob himself could hardly keep a straight face on him. Really, though, it's a sad blow to Mr. Smith, and we deeply regret this untimely misfortune, but as he is a man of indomitable perseverance, he will be sure to pick his flint and try again. "May gude luck be wie you."

JAMES E. MULHOLLAND.—It will be news for our sporting boys and others, to learn that this young sport and Bohemian was the party who telegraphed the first message on the new line between this city and San Francisco. He does up the telegraphing for the associated Press of New-York. Big, ain't it?

JIMMY CARROLL IN BOSTON.—A grand sparring exhibition was given on Friday evening, Nov. 14th, at the National Theatre, for the benefit of the aforesaid Jimmy; house, chock full: enthusiasm "emence." There were the men of muscle who contended on that occasion: Pete Malloy vs. Young Aaron, very fair; McCann vs. Jemmy Elliott, a ripper; John Shea vs. Liverpool Pet, slaughter on both sides; Jack Cain vs. Careless Boy's little brother, kind o'careless like; with Johnny Morris and Jimmy Carroll to the wind up, wherein the Brum got wound down by one of Johnny's fine left-handers. When they retired, the cheering was tremendiuous and fierce to behold, and with one accord the boys adjourned to the Careless Boy's saloon where discussion was quite warm about the forthcoming fight in England and the possibility of Goss and Coburn's coming together in the ring. We've heard no more about Morris's willingness to compete with some New York boy for a few hundred green-backs—want to know more about it.

SOME ON WINE.—Eleven hundred German lawyers lately met at Vienna, and with seven hundred Austrian jurists sat down to supper, at which they managed to dispose of 80 casks of beer, 3,600 bottles of red and white wine of the country, and 1,200 bottles of first rate champagne. The supper, with music, cigars, &c., cost the city who paid the bill, no less than $20,000. Talk of the absence of those lawyers from home, what a peaceful time the people must have had.

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, November 1st.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£490 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—There is another deposit of £15 a-side to be made good during the ensuing week, and the ceremony will take place on Wednesday next, at Bob Travers's new house, tne Sun and Thirteen Cantons, Castle-street, Leicester-square, when a full muster of the fancy is expected. Both men are doing as well as their best friends can desire. Mace is already a perfect model of fitness; as we saw him ourselves during the past week at Newmarket, we can say that no pugilist ever appeared in better trim for a great engagement. Since Tuesday King has gone into training with the utmost vigor, and is taking his breathings at Buckhurst Hill, with the experienced and accomplished "Bos," of metropolitan celebrity. King's colors are now out.

RING ON DITS.

J. FOX AND FREEMAN (*alias* TONKEY), £10 A-SIDS, AT 8ST. BIRMINGHAM.—The mill between the above Birmingham lads takes place on Tuesday Nov. 4, and is invested with considerable interest, as both are well, and express plenty of confidence.

JOHN WEBB AND THOMAS FREER (*alias* TIT).—On Monday, Nov. 3, the above men will contend, at catch-weight, for £5 a-side, in the Midland District.

REYNOLDS AND WILLIAMS.—In this match we have received Williams's money, but Reynolds's has not been staked: Williams is consequently entitled to receive the money down.

PATSEY REARDON AND JAMES DILLON, £100 A SIDE, AT 10ST 2LB, HOME CIRCUIT.—The deposit due this week has been made good with the final stake holder.

JACK HICKS AND JAMES GOLLAGHER, £100 A SIDE, AT 9ST, HOME CIRCUIT.—The deposit due on Wednesday, was duly posted, and another of the same amount has to be staked next week at a house named by Hicks.

YOUNG BROOME AND HARRY BRUNTON'S UNKNOWN, £50 A SIDE, AT CATCH-WEIGHT, DECEMBER 23, HOME CIRCUIT.—In the above match, £5 a side is now down, and the next deposit of £5 a side has to be made at Harry Brunton's.

GEORGE HENLEY AND JACK LYNCH, £25 A SIDE, LYNCH TO BE 9ST 4LB, AND HENLEY CATCH-WEIGHT.—The deposit of £3 a side for this fight was duly posted on Thursday last.

SIMON FINIGHTY AND JACK HARTLEY, £25 A SIDE, AT 7ST 13LB, HOME CIRCUIT.—These bantams met yesterday (Friday) and drew up articles to fight for £25 a side, at 7st 13lb, on Tuesday, January 28, 1862. £2 10s. a side was staked.

FLOOD DONNOVAN AND CLAMP, £25 A SIDE, AT CATCH-WEIGHT, HOME CIRCUIT.—These men continue to stake their deposits as they become due.

DAN LOMAS AND PAT SWEENY, £25 A SIDE, AT 10ST 12LB, MANCHESTER.—The second deposit of £4 a side, has to be staked on Tuesday, Nov. 4, at Dan Lomas's, Manchester.

PRICE AND GOSS AGAIN.—When the "sensation" attending this match will cease, and something reasonable be arrived at, would puzzle the greatest oracles of the day to divine. It was only in our last edition that we stated that new articles had been signed, and the men had agreed to fight in the London Circuit, and things assumed something like tangibility. Strange to say, after this, the men again met at the stakeholder's, on Thursday night last, and went through another piece of humbug, that of again drawing up articles and signing to fight in the Birmingham district, November 25—all at the instigation of Master Posh, whose conduct in the matter is (as it has been throughout) highly reprehensible. He is evidently making the most of this affair, no doubt thinking it his climax, which in all probability it will be, as we believe after this he will go out entirely, as no man has ever shuffled business from the first as he has done. Mr. Roberts attended the meeting, and, to the disgust of all, this "fourpenny" "pot-valiant" gentleman, not wishing the public to be eye-witness of his treachery, raised the paltry objection that the meeting was strictly private, and would not sign or transact any business in the presence of our Birmingham representative, or any other reporter. This must be sufficient to all far-seing individuals, to show that he does not mean all fair and above-board. It is only justice to say that Goss was willing to accede to almost any terms, rather than the public should meet with a disappointment.

RATTLING MILL NEAR BIRMINGHAM,

BETWEEN

TOM LANE AND SAM HARRIS, FOR £10.

On Oct. 28, the lovers of good old British pluck had a rare treat, in witnessing as game a battle as ever graced the annals of the P. R. The combatants were Tom Lane, nephew of Old Hammer, and Sam Harris, son of an old pug. They both come of a fighting stock, and the sequel will prove that they have not disgraced their colors. They were equally matched as to height and weight, being a trifle over 9st. Having arrived at the appointed place—California, a favorite old battle-ground—without much hesitation, they stripped and got to work.

Round 1. Very little sparring; both being evidently intent on their business, got to work, investing heavily, give-and-take style, until both went down side by side.

2. Harris led with a rattler on the nose, and was finely countered on the left peeper, when they fought to a close, and both down, Lane under.

3. The men eyed each other, on coming up, with a comical expression, both being evidently bothered. After a moment's measuring for distance, both being most anxious to be "there," Lane managed to land a warm 'un on the chest, but was quickly countered on the jaw, when he staggered and went down on his posterior, amidst derisive cheers from the oppositionists, and cries of "Stand up and fight."

4. Lane, answering the call of his opponents, came up most determinedly, somewhat riled, and, with very little fencing, led off with his left, which was beautifully stopped by Sam, who, seeing an opening, administered heavily on the jaw, from which Lane went down. A claim of knock-down was made for Harris, but not allowed.

5. While the men were receiving the attention of their seconds, offers were made to back Harris at 4 and 5 to 2, at which odds considerable money was invested. On coming up, Tom tried a feeler, but found Harris "wide awake," and not "Sammy" enough to be caught, as he got from danger very cleverly; but, determined on revenge, went in a "buster" with both mawleys, getting on Lane's frontispiece, when they closed, and fibbed away right merrily to the finish, when both went down.

6. Up to this time, although the visitations had been frequent, very little signs of punishment were visible; nevertheless, they were in a very serious mood, each trying to reckon the other up and find out the weak point. Lane, at last, fancying he had an opening, sent out his left very viciously, and got well countered for his daring. They now got together, and fought to a close, going down side by side.

7. After a few harmless exchanges, Sam managed to land a hot-'un on the kissing-trap, which at once distilled the sparkling ruby. First blood claimed for Harris, and allowed. They got together again, and, after a few wild exchanges, the lads went down in the middle of the ring, Lane under.

8. A short round, and rather scrambling, when both again went down, side by side.

9. The fighting in this round was of the most lively description, both doing their best to obtain an advantage; and, after some very spirited fibbing, Lane invested heavily with his right on the cranium, and floored his man, amidst cries of "Bravo, Tom! that's the style."

10. It was evident, from Sammy's demure expression of countenance, that "he didn't seem to like it," which Tom seeing, tried a second dose, but lacked the steam to get "there," as Sam met his rush with great spirit, and some good exchanges ensued—both doing execution—terminating by both going down, Lane, who appeared to be getting weak, under.

11. Both came up much flushed, the punishment in the last three rounds being very severe, Tom's nose and left eye being a study for an artist, while Sam was anything but a perfect picture of his former self. The lads being now thoroughly warm, went in with the utmost determination, each evidently trying to take the lead, the fighting being fast and furious, and the punishment beginning to tell fearful tales. They at last closed, and some merry half-armed exchanges took place, "Jack being as good as his master," when they went down, amidst tremendous cheering, to which their gameness fairly entitled them, as never did two lads strive harder for supremacy.

12. Very short and quick, and only a repetition of the previous round.

13 to 27. The whole of these rounds were much alike, being throughout of the most lively description, and well worth recording, did our space permit. Suffice it to say that, although Harris was slightly in the ascendant, it was anybody's game. At the termination of the latter round, several of the local contabulary put in an appearance, and for the time hostilities had to be suspended. The backers of the men, acting on the suggestion of these gentlemen, who should have been "true blue," but in the present instance were very visible "green," made a move some six miles further on, and at half-past eleven again renewed business. After the manner in which their first encounter ran—the conduct of the men eliciting frequent bursts of applause, as they went in as only true and good men can—and after contending thirty minutes, with little lasting advantage to either, an agreement was come to, to draw the stakes, in consideration of £1 being allowed by the backers of Lane, who at this time was almost blind, his opponent being nearly in the same strait; and thus as good a mill as need be witnessed terminated without either being the better man, and it would have been positive cruelty to have prolonged the contest.

THE TURF.

EXCITING STEEPLECHASE.—On Monday, Oct. 27, a very spirited sporting affair came off in the neighborhood of Scarborough, which put all the sporting men on the *qui vive* who were in the secret, a steeplechase match for £50 a side having been made upon the spur of the moment, at a dinner party, when the capabilities of two celebrated horses, well known in the hunting field, were the topic of conversation. The match was made between Captain Willis's horse Sweep, ridden by that prince of sportsmen, Charles Smith, Esq., against James Tindall, Esq's bay horse Cruikshank, ridden by his spirited owner, over two miles of a fair hunting country near Scarborough. The arrangement of the ground, and the number of leaps, &c., were intrusted to George Leighton, Esq., who well fulfilled his duties, by selecting a capital piece of ground near Moor Farm, Stepney Hill. There was a large field of the *elite* of Scarborough and neighborhood, and from the betting which took place it appeared to be of no ordinary interest. At the close the betting was in favor of Sweep, 50 to 40 being laid on him several times over, from the fact that his tuition was perfect as a jumper, his very popular owner, Captain Willis, being celebrated for making his horses "perfect hunters." On the other hand, several stuck to Cruikshank, from knowing that the owner and jock would never be denied, and that if his horse could be got over the first few fences, his splendid jockeyship might make the horse accomplish what in other hands would be futile. At the word "Go," both took the hedge—a regular rasper—in gallant style. The next fence—four-bole post and rails—was taken very cleverly by Sweep. Here Cruikshank bolted, but was brought back and got over, though too late for any chance of winning, as Sweep was sailing away like a light ship with a good breeze, and won as he liked. The spectators were much disappointed at the resolute way in which Cruikshank bolted. A purse of gold, to be run for over the same course, was made up on the spot, and after a very clever race it was won by Mr. Brown's The Alderman (ridden by owner), beating Mr. Tindall's Cruikshank (ridden by Musham); Mr. Hutchinson's Butcher, 3; Mr. Newton's Victoria, 4; and Mr. Morris's Lord of the Tees. Cruikshank again bolted when three fences from home, and looking very like a winner.

LIBERALITY AT NEWMARKET.—It is this week our pleasing duty to record one of the most liberal acts, connected with training establishments, ever remembered or witnessed in this town. In consequence of the Mare, Feu de Joie, the property of R. C. Naylor, Esq., a wealthy owner of Race horses, having won the Oaks, that gentleman, considering that much was due to the exertions of his trainer, and the conduct of others in his establishment, decided on giving something to them all in acknowledgment of their service, and accordingly presented his trainer, Mr. Godding, with a piece of plate of the value of £200, and Mrs. Godding with a handsome bracelet of the value of £100. To the jockey who rode the mare he gave £100, to the head lad £70, to the second lad £20, and sums in proportion to their services and situations to all the others in his stables. In addition to the above liberal gifts, the honorable gentleman gave a splendid dinner, prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Westley, at the Golden Lion Inn, on Thursday, the 23d ult., invitations being sent to every tradesman, stable lad, and others, who are in any way employed in his Newmarket establishment. The dinner, prepared in Mrs. Westley's usual style, was of the first description, and tastefully arranged in the capacious club room, to which fifty-six did ample justice. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Godding, and Mr. A. Frye occupied the vice chair.—*Era.*

TROTTING MATCH BETWEEN IRON DUKE AND MR. BARBER'S PONY.—The match between these tits to trot three miles for £10 a side, came off on Monday, Oct. 27, according to arrangement, at Southgate, the ring being well attended by those who are admirers of fast goers. Harry Reed was chosen referee, and all being "put right," the nags were brought to the scratch. The result of the match is soon told; for, on the signal to start being given, Duke went off in good style, while the pony "hung" on the mark, and on giving way, began "throwing up" in a very pace-spoiling manner. This at once gave the Duke a decided advantage, for he went away with the lead, and maintained his position throughout. Although Mr. Barber's tit, when he settled down, laid to work with a will, yet he was not enabled to take the Duke on the "collar," for "Old Ironsides," on the finish of the match, went in a winner by a long "spell." Mr. Barker attributing his defeat solely to the antics displayed by his nag in going off.

SON OF HIS SIRE.—At a meeting of the Jockey Club on Wednesday, Oct. 29, it was stated that the Stewards intended to appoint Mr. M'George's son as Starter of the Newmarket Spring Meeting of 1863.

BILLIARDS.

GREAT BILLIARD MATCH AT MANCHESTER, ENG.—A great match at billiards was played on Friday, Oct. 24, at the Cattle Market Hotel, Salford, by Mr. John Roberts, the Champion of London, and Mr. William Moss, a well-known player of Manchester. The amount played for was £100 a side, Roberts giving Moss 600 out of 1,000 points. A new table, of improved construction (made by Mr. George A. Metcalf, of Manchester), was fixed in the large dining hall attached to the hotel, and the play commenced in the presence of 400 spectators. About seven o'clock Roberts made his appearance, and was greeted with hearty cheers, being backed freely, 5 to 4 being laid on him. Moss won the toss, and opened the game by giving a miss in baulk; Roberts followed with giving a miss. 7 was added to the score by Moss, and Roberts increased his numbers to 8. Moss then went in and made a break of 40, for which he was loudly cheered. The play went on very slowly, Roberts' strokes being very uncertain; but Moss was perfectly confident, and played with such ease as to call forth repeated marks of approbation. Roberts, however, got the three balls in a corner, and cleverly made 12 caroms in succession, which made the score—Moss, 697; Roberts, 77; Moss having made 20 more than the champion. Roberts, however, from this point continued to gain on his opponent, but at half-past eight, after playing one hour and a half, the scores stood as follows:—Moss, 820; Roberts, 279; the latter having gained only 59 points out of the 600. It now seemed Lombard street to a China orange on Moss, the gentleman who backed Roberts, having held him (Moss) too cheap, as it was palpable Roberts could not give him 600. After about half an hour's more play, when the game stood at—Moss, 856; Roberts, 298; Roberts got a good break, and made 137 off the balls, making 12 red hazards from the spot consecutively, and afterwards 5 more. Moss followed with a break of 39, and the game now stood at—Moss, 895; Roberts, 446. Robert's next break was 23, which was followed by Moss making 42; 950 to 477 was now the score, and all interest had now abated, as Moss won the game after two hours and a half play, the score standing at the close—Roberts, 552; Moss, game. A word of praise is due to the worthy host for the manner in which the arrangements were conducted, and a special mark of approval was awarded to Mr. Metcalfe, the maker of the table, by Mr. John Roberts, who gave him a written testimonial. Moss is but a young man, and played the game with great confidence, which went a great deal in his favor, as most players are very nervous when they are pitted against such a man as Roberts.

BILLIARD MATCH AT NEWMARKET.—A billiard match took place at the White Hart on Wednesday evening, October 29, between Roberts (the Champion), and Dufton, the latter receiving 400 points out of a thousand. It was for £25 a side, and the room was crowded long before play commenced, Lord Stamford and several nobleman and gentlemen being among the company present. Before commencing 5 to 4 was laid on Dufton, and as the game proceeded the odds increased, till at last, when Dufton's score was 983, and Roberts' 910, 20 to 1 was offered upon the first named. Nothing daunted, however, Roberts took the cue in hand, and scored over 70 before he gave up to Dufton, who had only 17 to get to win. After getting 8, however, he missed, and his opponent went in again and won cleverly, amid tremendous cheering. Many of the leading turf professionals speculated heavily upon the match, and a deal of money changed hands. Another contest is in contemplation.

AQUATICS.

SCULLERS' RACE BETWEEN THOMAS ROYAL AND EDWARD MAY, FOR £25 A SIDE.—Edward May's name has been frequently before the public during the last three or four years, in which period he has rowed upwards of a dozen wagers, in by far the greater part of which he has been successful. He is a landsman, and formerly belonged to the Times Unity Rowing Club. His opponent in the present instance was Young Royal, a waterman of Milbank, son of a man who in bygone days was of no mean account, and could lick pretty well any one for a mile; but young Royal did nothing to show he was treading in the shoes of his sire until Monday, Oct. 27. He had previously been in an apprentices' race and another little thing, without reaping reputation or reward, but now he was well handled, and the metal of which he was made shone forth. He was trained by Harry Kelly, the ex-champion, who also "took him up" in the race. May trained at Wilcox's, the White Hart, and John Phelps was his guide through the match. Mr. E. D. Brickwood, late Amateur Champion of the Thames, was referee. Citizen B., engaged to accompany the race, was brim full of company, and Royal had the call at 5 and 6 to 4. The distance was from Putney to Barnes, and it was quite evident by the "nobbly" state of the water that the men would have some hard work to do. May won the Middlesex side, and after some delay they made a level start. In an instant Royal took the lead, and so much faster was he than his opponent that he took his water in as little time as it takes to describe it. May's right arm was evidently too weak for such weather, and his opponent went right away from him, and won as he liked with the greatest possible ease.

SWIMMING.—MATCH BETWEEN REGAN AND GROVES, FOR £40, AT LAMBETH BATHS.—The match between these men, who are so well known to those who take an interest in this useful exercise, took place, pursuant to articles, on Monday evening, Oct. 27, at the above baths. Both competitors have won a great many medals and other prizes, and in the present struggle, from the known skill of the men, some real good swimming was fully expected to be witnessed. The competing distance was sixteen lengths of the bath, or 540 yards, which may be reckoned a good spell at "touch and turn swimming." The match had been fixed to take place at 9 o'clock, P. M., and when the customary preliminaries had been adjusted, the competitors, attended by their trainers, made their appearance on the "diving spring," from whence the start had to be made. Regan was the favorite, and on the signal to start being given, they took the "bulge" with admirable simultaneousness, both being in and "covered" at once. To be brief, we may say that the match was admirably contested, but as the competitors drew on to the close, Regan, who had the lead, kept widening the gap between them, and finally won by half the length of the bath.

SHOOTING AT HORNSEY WOOD.—On Saturday, Oct. 25, three sweepstakes, at five birds each, were shot, and two were won by Mr. Moore and one by Mr. James. Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Small shot at twenty-one birds each, 21 yards rise, 1¼oz. shot, for £10. Mr. Small was the favorite in the betting, and he was backed for a considerable amount to kill seventeen out of his twenty-one; but, as the sequel will show, Barber's birds were too fast for him. Mr. Gardiner commenced the match, and began, for the hopes of his backers, very badly, missing four in succession, then killed three, missed two, killed four, missed four, killed two, missed one, and killed his last, making ten. Mr. Small began better, killing his first two, missed the third, fifth, eighth, tenth, eleventh, thirteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth, making his score thirteen killed, and winning by three birds. Score:—

Mr. Gardiner	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—10
Mr. Small...	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	1—13

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 255.

MUSIC HALLS.

Miss Kathleen O'Neill has been singing to crowds nightly, for over two weeks, at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh. She closed her engagement there on the 15th, and opened at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, on the 17th. Johnny Hart opened at the Varieties on the 10th. He has played there a number of times before, and his "nigger business" seems to take "muchly" among the patrons.

The old Melodeon in Pittsburgh seems to be as unfortunate as a haunted house. It opens and shuts every once in a while, and sometimes twice. It is favorably situated for a cheap amusement hall, and it is somewhat surprising that it is not occupied more regularly.

Miss Clara Berger, the danseuse, has left Trimble's Varieties, and is now at the Pittsburgh Theatre.

The Melodeon, St. Louis, still flourishes.

The Bowery company, of St. Louis, were doing well at Chicago, when last heard of.

The "Red, White, and Blue," is the name of a concert saloon now in active operation in Columbus, Kentucky, under the management of George A. Burns, late of Chicago. Dingman & Morrow are the proprietors, the latter said to be a very good Morrow. Among the performers are Miss Sallie Rogers, singer and dancer; Mr. M. Clark, Ned Painter, Daniel Collins, "the celebrated ballad singer, late of New York;" C. Christie, J. Spencer, and Mr. Dick McGowan, banjo player. "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue."

Bob Edwards, at his Gayety Music Hall, Harrisburg, is doing all in his power to make his hall worthy of the patronage of the good people of the capital of Pennsylvania. He has a good company under his management, among whom may be mentioned Dick Sands, the great clog dancer; Paul Cane, and his son, Young America, both excellent performers; Tom Brookfield, Ethiopian comedian; Mrs. Julia Edwards, comic vocalist and balladist; Miss Kate Francis, danseuse; Lizzie Francis, Mollie Fielding, Kate Archer, etc. Harrisburg is already a lively place, but will be more so when the legislature meets there in a few weeks.

Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, gives a very fine entertainment now. Kathleen O'Neil, the great Irish comedienne and vocalist, who was first introduced to an American audience by Manager Fox, at his New York Canterbury Hall, is to appear this week at Mr. Fox's Casino, in Philadelphia. We are glad to find that Miss O'Neil, now that she is an acknowledged star in her business, does not forget those who took her in hand when she was a stranger, and made her commencement here a brilliant one. Kathleen will no doubt attract large audiences to the Casino. In addition to Miss O'Neil, however, Galetti and Velarde, the great dancers, are at the same establishment, together with as fine a *ballet* corps as there is in the city. Dick Sands is also announced, and J. W. Ward, on the cloud swing. There are a number of other performers, all contributing to make a first class entertainment. The biz. done at the ticket office is tip-top.

Mickey Warren and Mike McKenna are advertised to dance a match dance at one of the Philadelphia music halls this week. The match is said to be for $50 a side, and is to continue six nights. The stake is not very heavy for a dance occupying six nights.

Miss Eva Brent has been engaged at the Continental, Philadelphia, where she is to sing this week. Matt Gibler commences his comic songs on the 17th. Denny Gallagher is also announced for this week, in conjunction with J. and W. S. Budworth, and Master Frank Budworth. We guessed that Denny Gallagher would not be idle long. Wm. Wolf is wide awake in picking up the best talent going.

Albert Hamblin & Co's Varieties, Washington, under the management of A. M. Hernandez and James Pilgrim, seems likely to become one of the principal features in our national metropolis. As stated by us last week, a fine company is forming, and the following are already engaged:—Mesdames Lehman, Martinetti, Julia Lehman, P. Grossi, and A. Whelply, with Messrs. C. Lehman and A. Grossi. These are all real members of the old Ravel troupe. In addition, are Paul Berger, James Pilgrim, Dick Sands, the Morest Brothers, J. Albert Allen, A. M. Hernandez, J. W. Landis, M. A. Braham, Tom Vance, and more to come, escorting Miss Williams, Harriet Sands, Kate O'Neil, and other darling little temptations which Washington society will know how to appreciate. The new Varieties can hardly be ready by the 22d, but most likely the 25th.

The Gayety, Albany, seems to have that city all to itself as a place of amusement. Col. Harry Howard and Stage Manager James Campbell are on their high stilts after consulting with the treasurer. All right. Let the Gayety go gay.

Kate O'Neil had her farewell complimentary at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, on the 14th. Johnny Hart is making his mark. The new song "Public Opinion" about Gen. McClellan, continues to bring "scrougers."

Canterbury Music Hall, Philadelphia, is "one of the places we read of" for amusing the public, and every effort is made by the proprietors, Messrs. Gardiner and Enochs, to "bring in a true bill" to please. It is to be hoped that the public will show their appreciation by liberal patronage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Frank Rivers opened at the Arcade, Lockport, N. Y., on the 19th, with his Minstrel Troupe. He has Add Weaver and Master Barney in place of Johnny Campbell, who left him at St. Catharines on the 9th, to join the Duprez & Green party. "Ned," a Lockport correspondent, says:—"Frank lost the heart of his show when Johnny left him. I think if Rivers would talk less of those who have been with him he would gain more friends. It does no manager good to be continually 'harping' about this one, and that one, stating that he could send this one to State Prison, and another owes him," etc.

The Holman Troupe, at the Museum, St. Louis, remained during the past week.

D. C. La Rue exhibited Du Flocq's travels in the Holy Land, at Ringueberg Hall, Lockport, N. Y., on the 14th inst., to continue one week. John W. Whiston, the humorist, also presents his olio of oddities in connection with the exhibition. This combination opens at the new Opera House, Buffalo, on the 24th.

Lewis E. Josselyn is serving the towns around Boston with an entertainment called "An Evening's Rations." Hope they are rational.

The Dobson Brothers have been well received at the Aquarial Gardens, Boston.

Mr. Burgess, the colored (and only) bill poster for our various show people in Washington, died in that city on the 1st. There is a fine opening in Washington now for a smart bill poster, as the "City of Magnificent Distances" has three theatres, one circus, and ever so many concert saloons, to say nothing of the regular municipal biz. Let our New York boys look to this.

Mrs. W. B. English's Ravel Troupe opened at Montreal on the 12th, to a splendid house. They stay one week, and then proceed among the Western towns, returning to Quebec in January. For list of performers see the advertisement of W. W. Pratt, agent.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Edward Alexander Gomersal, better known as "Napoleon Gomersal," is no more for this stage, having died at the residence of his eldest son, in Leeds, Yorkshire, on the 19th Oct. E. A. Gomersal must have been in his seventy-fifth year, and has followed his great prototype, Napoleon, to the final home of humanity. His memoirs would be a history of the British stage for the last sixty years. The "Battle of Waterloo," as played at Astley's, "fixed him" in the minds of the million. For many years he was the partner of B. O. Conquest, at the Garrick, London. He died within a mile or two from where he was born, the township of Gomersal. His children are now among the brightest ornaments in the profession, and they vied in acts of affectionate kindness until the curtain of time fell upon the scene of life. At some future occasion we may give a few of the main events in the life of this truly great actor and contemporary of the senior Macready, Miss O'Neil, John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Munden, Bannister, Bowton, Elliston, Farren, etc. Ripe in years and a life of good actions, thus the world parts with a universal favorite.

The Female Blondin has now left St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, pronounced incurable from the results of the accident two months ago at Highbury Barn, and one of her lower limbs is three inches shorter than the other.

Drury Lane is to open under Edmund Falconer's management, on Boxing Night. The pantomime will be from the "pen" of E. L. Blanchard. Falconer also has a new five-act play of his own.

The Adelphi, London, is likely to remain idle until Easter. The Strand, ditto, or very soon.

Mons. Fechter is in Paris, and the Lyceum, London, awaits his arrangements.

Sothern leaves the Haymarket at Christmas, and goes on an extended provincial tour.

At the Olympic, London, there is a cloud of gloom. F. Robson, recently returned from his provincial tour, is in poor health, and W. S. Emden is so ill as to cause a complete retirement for the season. Mrs. Emden is the principal manager at present.

Charles Braham is in Paris, and now calls his voice a baritone.

Jeffrey Morgan, one of the well-known "water-boys" at Sadler's Wells, died in London on the 23d Oct. The professional "water boy" takes the leap for the hero in a water piece or an aquatic spectacle. Deceased was in his seventy-first year, and was great on "sensation headers."

Mrs. Mary Ann Staff, the principal saloon keeper at Her Majesty's, Haymarket, and other theatres in London, died in that city on the 18th Oct., in the fifty-second year of her age, sincerely regretted and respected by all who knew her.

The Alabama Minstrels, six real blacks, have been shining out at Leeds.

The Princess's, London, is now under a new manager, Lindus by name.

Manager Wilde, of the Alhambra Music Hall, London, recently took his company to see the International Exhibition. They numbered 131 persons.

The principal music halls now open in London, are the Oxford, Alhambra, Eldorado, Winchester, Pavilion, South London, Raglan, Trevor, and Middlesex.

Asa Cushman is doing well with Daddy Rice biz. at the Marylebone, London.

Mrs. Henderson is now playing in Davenport, Eng., whither she went from Southampton. The provincial papers commend her, and there seems to be no doubt but she is doing a fair business. It is expected that she will play in London about the beginning of the year.

H. J. Byron intends to travel and "indoctrinate" all his new productions among the provincial cities.

The mean and two-penny agony of the International Exhibition is over.

Edmund Falconer has produced a new farce at the Lyceum, London, called "It Must Be True, 'Twas In The Papers." That's so.

The same night that Barry Sullivan made his first appearance in Melbourne, as stated in our last, our own Joe Jefferson came on as Bottom, in "The Midsummer Night's Dream." Bully for "Bully Bottom!"

The journals of Paris are down upon the immense salaries asked for by Italian vocalists. If so, what must they think of the "cheeky" demands made here?

"The Peep o' Day" still holds the stage at the Lyceum, London.

A subscription has been commenced for the Female Blondin, in consequence of her recent accident, and being deprived of her usual biz.

The Monday popular concerts, in London, are more popular than ever.

We have always endeavored to protect the hard-working professional from the genteel sharks who try to make a living off their unpaid services. In so doing, we sometimes get the ill will of such fine talking personages. This evil is not confined to any particular country, but exists wherever there are rogues to "face the matter out." In the London *Era*, of Nov 2, we find the following advertisement:—"CAUTION TO ACTORS.—'Lost, stolen, or strayed, from the Royal Music Hall and Theatre, Broad street, Birmingham, on the 25th ult., a person named J—— S——; appearance not prepossessing, dark moustache and grey whiskers. In conversation he shows a profound contempt for Lindley Murray. Dressed in black frock coat, light trousers and vest; supposed to have the sum of £20 in his possession. When last seen he was proceeding in the direction of the Railway Station, *en route* for Belfast. Any information will be thankfully received by the disconsolate Company, who regret being unable (in consequence of the gentleman's disappearance), to offer any pecuniary reward." In the same issue of the same paper, we also find the annexed very justifiable commentary:—"MANAGERS AND ACTORS.—An advertisement, headed 'Caution to Actors,' which appears in another column, will not fail to attract the attention of our professional readers. We are in possession of the fullest particulars of the dishonorable conduct of the person to whom it refers, and unless some attempt be made to repair the injury inflicted on those induced by specious promises to accept engagements under his direction, the statement of the defrauded must be given to the public as a warning for the future. This is, unhappily, not the first case of the kind that has been brought before our notice. It would seem that a system of trading on the talents of Actors and Actresses is at this moment in course of active development among many adventurers, who have the audacity to take a Theatre without capital even to pay the first liabilities incurred. To the legal proceedings which may arise from the case thus cited we shall give the fullest publicity, though, at the same time, we venture to express a faint hope that a settlement in the meantime will render such a course unnecessary."

We also shall watch the result of this case, and let our readers have the ben. of the result.

AMATEUR.

THE BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION perform the tragedy of "Othello," and the farce of "Cousin Joe," at Dramatic Hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 19th. The Burton boys were successful in their production of "The Merchant of Venice" on the 9th ult., and expect to surprise their friends on this occasion. Miss Rose Bonner performed Emelia.

BALL PLAY.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.—The annual meeting of this association will be held on Wednesday, the 10th day of December next, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., in the lecture room of the Mercantile Library Association (Clinton Hall,) junction of Astor place and Eighth street, in the city of New York. Delegates will please file with the undersigned, before the time of meeting, their credentials, signed by the president and secretary of their club. J. ROSS POSTLEY, Recording Secretary.

November 10, 1862. 132 Nassau street, New York city. 32-4t

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.—Thanksgiving day closes ball play for the season every year, and up to that time every fine day is taken advantage of to indulge in ball play. This month, however, the early fall of snow has rendered the majority of ball grounds so unfit for use, that very little has been played since the snow storm. On Thanksgiving Day every ball player engages in a game, if the weather will admit of it; after which, the bats and balls are laid aside for the season, and the sports of winter succeed.

As usual, we shall present our readers with the regular analysis of the play of the different clubs throughout the season, as also our annual review of the prominent games, which is a feature peculiar to this paper alone. This year, in our annual review, we shall include the games played by clubs throughout the country that have sent us a record of their matches.

On the 10th of December next, the annual convention of the National Association of Base Ball Players will assemble at Dramatic Hall, Astor Place, New York, and we hope that there will be a full attendance on the occasion, as a revision of the rules has been made, and some of them are to be amended.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK.

When it is twelve o'clock at *noon* in New York City, it is in the following places—

Alton, Ill	11 12	London	P.M. 4 55
Augusta, Ga	11 29	Liverpool	P.M. 4 44
Athens, Greece	P.M. 6 31	Madrid	P.M. 4 40
Buffalo, N.Y	11 56	Newark, N.J	11 59
Boston	12 12	New Orleans	10 55
Baltimore	11 50	Oregon City	8 46
Bremen, Germany	P.M. 5 31	Philadelphia	11 55
Charleston, S.C	11 36	Portland, Me	12 15
Cincinnati	11 16	Pekin, China	night 12 40
Chicago	11 7	Paris	P.M. 5 06
Constantinople, T'k'y	P.M. 6 41	Quebec	12 12
Calcutta, E.I	evening 10 49	Richmond, Va	11 46
Dubuque, Iowa	10 53	Rome, Italy	P.M. 5 45
Detroit, Mich	11 24	Salt Lake City	9 27
Easton, Pa	11 55	St. Louis	10 53
Florence, Italy	P.M. 5 41	San Francisco	8 45
Geneva, Switzerland	P.M. 5 20	St. Paul, Minn	10 44
Honolulu, Sandwich Isl	6 24	Sebastopol, Russia	P.M. 7 10
Hamburg, Germany	P.M. 5 35	St. Helena	P.M. 4 33
Indianapolis, Ind	11 14	St. Petersburg	P.M. 6 57
Jerusalem	P.M. 7 17	Turin, Italy	P.M. 5 26
Key West, Fla	11 28	Vienna, Austria	P.M. 6 00
Louisville, Ky	11 14	Washington, D.C	11 48

SHARP SHOOTING.—On Sunday, Nov. 2, a trial of skill with the trigger took place at St. Louis, Mo., between Messrs. H. E. Dimmick and John W. Dinan. The distance was a quarter of a mile, best string of twenty-five consecutive shots, each party using his own rifle (telescopic and cone ball), and with rest. The match came off in a driving wind, and resulted as follows: Dinan making in twenty-five consecutive shots, a string of 165 9-16 inches, averaging 6 11-16 inches. Dimmick 128¾ inches, averaging 5⅛ inches, beating Dinan in the aggregate of twenty-five shots, 37⅝ inches. When it is remembered that the gravitation of a rifle ball in a quarter of a mile is at least twelve feet, and its deflection latterly in a stiff wind probably half as much, the difficulty of drawing a safe bead on a bull's-eye at these long ranges is apparent. It is much easier imagined than done, and it is for the purpose of seeing it better done, that we thus carefully particularize these gentlemen's "strings." Mr. Dimmick offers to bet $25 that no man in Missouri can beat, not his own, but even Mr. Dinan's string. Some of the rifle sharps are pretty sure to take up that bet, when we may look for some more tall shooting.

A BIRD VS A FISH.—A hawk made a dash at a black snake at Pelham, N. H., the other day, and found himself engaged in a larger job than he had supposed. The snake coiled around one of the hawk's wings and prevented him from flying. He held to his prey, however, and had nearly conquered by tearing the snake badly with his beak, when a man stepped in and intervened, killing both. The snake was three feet and ten inches long.

WHAT'S THAT?—Our Catalogue, containing Original Fancy Articles, will be sent for one stamp. Don't fail to send for one if you wish for something "Gay, Festive and Eyebitting." Address WILKINS & CO., Purchasing Agency, 32-14* Lodi, Mich.

BOXING GLOVES. "HEENAN EXTRAS," $3 a sett of 4. Sent anywhere. THOS. B. HAGNER, 11t* 125 Pegg street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO FANCIERS OF THE GAME FOWL and POULTRY BREEDERS GENERALLY.—I have now on hand for sale about thirty pairs of two year old cocks and hens, some of which are very large; and about one hundred and fifty pairs of early March chickens, stags and pullets, with fifty pairs raised from my celebrated blue-red Berkley cock and Derby and Sefton hens. I have also a few Irish greys.

The whole have been raised from my imported stock, consisting of Seftons, Derby's, Paulets, and Berkleys, and are guaranteed to be game and second to none in America.

JNO. R. ASHFORD, 607 Callowhill st. Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1862. 26-3t

FANCY PIGEONS—WANTED some large Extra Fine Pouters. Address Box 2600, P. O., Boston, Mass. 29-4t

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,
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Ball Play,	Draughts,	Rowing,	Rifle Shooting,
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Boxing,	Horse Racing,	Trotting,	Pigeon Shooting,
Billiards,	Curling,	Game Fowl,	&c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also devotes considerable space to
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,
embracing information on General Topics, but Sporting Matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER EIGHT.

LAST DAY IN BIRMINGHAM—INTERVIEW WITH PONY MOORE AND THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS—A GOOD TIME ALL ROUND—OFF FOR LIVERPOOL.

Becoming tired of Smokey Brum, I determined on a trip to Liverpool, to see that buxom and sociable little woman, Mrs. Sampson, wife of Phil Sampson, one of Jem Ward's old opponents. Charley Clifton having taken occasion to throw out some hints for my line of conduct at Phillip's house, I thought well over the matter ere doing anything rash. Before taking you to Liverpool, however, it may be interesting to tell you of my last night in Birmingham. Not expecting to go there again, early in the morning I started out to call on the different bruisers, to take a parting glass. Bob Brettle, Hammer Lane, Morris Roberts, Jack Matthews, Jack Rooke, Mat Collinson, Ted Roberts, Bodger Crutchley, Harry Allen, Morris Phelan, Nobby Hall, Joe Nolan, Peter Morris, etc., were visited, also Little Jones, of the *Sporting Life*, whom Mace's Wolf, the brute, once gave a severe drubbing on my account: with all these your Cabin Boy had to "gin up" or "smile," and if I hadn't been off duty, Captain, you would have been perfectly justified in putting me in irons. However, let that slide—it shan't occur again till the next time. The numerous potations imbibed made me more talkative than usual; I even offered to back Heenan against all Brummagem combined, but nobody accepted, although several jocularly said "they could cook my goose in about two minutes." After considerable chaff there was "nobody hurt on either side;" every one here treated me like a lord, and were full of good wishes for the CLIPPER. Having got a pretty good cargo aboard, the next best thing was to simmer down on vinegar and pickles, (they're first-rate when a fellow's taken too much "ginger pop") after which, preparations were made for journeying on the morrow. A donkey and man, or man and donkey, rather, were specially detailed to convey my lumbering box to Smethwick station, so as to have no bother next morning; for this the donkey—no, the man—charged two "bob." That was so much off my mind. Now, strange to relate, I had been unsuccessfully hunting for Pony Moore over six months, and singularly enough, his party, the Christy Minstrels, were advertised that very night to appear at the Theatre Royal. Says I to myself, "I'll see Pony any how, whether too late for the train or not." Six o'clock found me loafing around the corner of New and Temple streets, on the lookout for George W. or any of the boys I might happen to know. In a few minutes who should scud along but Jim Crocker, a Brooklyn boy, and Mr. Wilsom, the manager: giving the Son of Malta sign, "Sherry yer nibs," we got acquainted quicker'n lightnin'. They both insisted on my going on the stage, leading the way down Temple street, and up a narrow court, where that part is approached. In the green room, or black room, was Pony and his brudder nigs, blacking up for the show. "Why, Ned, how the hell are you?" hollered Pony, at the same time giving my hand a regular Masonic grip with his, and leaving unmistakable evidence of burnt cork there. "Boys, here's Frank Queen's Cabin Boy! make yourselves acquainted." Then followed introduction after introduction—every mother's son of 'em black as blazes; by the time I'd shook hands all around, you might almost swear I belonged to the company, too. Nothing would satisfy them but for me to stay and see the show—they wouldn't take no for an answer, but rushed me straight into a private box without judge or jury, *a la* Fort Lafayette. Wishing to make the best of a good bargain, I concluded to see the show, if only for the say so. With a staving good house, all the boys felt first-rate. As no better chance may present itself, you shall have their entire programme.

After the "over shoe" (as Archy Hughes would say,) and opening chorus, H. Norman sang "Twinkling Stars;" Pony Moore, "That's So;" G. J. Wilsom, "Gentle Jenny Gray;" J. P. Crocker, "Run, Run, Run;" F. Romer, "Poor Old Joe;" Pony Moore, "Tapioca;" G. J. Wilsom, "The day our Mother died;" E. Morton, "Opera Burlesque" and the Christy's Quickstep by the company. Part two: "Burlesque a la Suisse," by Messrs. Moore, Romer, Christian, and Morton; Ballad, H. Norman; Song and Dance, J. P. Crocker; Tyrolean Solo, T. Christian; Oratorical Display, Messrs. Moore and Morton; and a ballad by F. Romer. Part three; Opening Chorus, by the company; "Poor Old Jeff," F. Romer; "Carry me back to Old Virginny," Pony Moore; "Rosa Lee," G. J. Wilsom; "The Coon Hunt," J. P. Crocker. The whole concluding with the "Sleigh Polka," or a musical description of a sleigh ride, with the departure, race on the road, arrival at the hotel, the ball, preparing to return, all aboard, the chorus, and arrival at home at daybreak.

You will notice there's not a vast difference in their style of performance from the Bryant's, Wood's, or Hooley's Minstrels. Pony, of course, is the leading spirit, and takes the bones; Crocker manipulates the tambo; Wilson is the sentimental; Romer, the base; Morton, soprano and burlesque opera; Christian, Tyrolean warbler; and Norman, the balladist. They have no wench dancer, for a wonder, nor a professional jig dancer; but these are amply made up for in the drolleries of Moore, the unequalled basso singing of Romer, and the "Ule-i-ho's" of Christian. As companions, they are the jolliest set of nigger minstrels out, and get along first rate. Pony says Wilsom is one of the best of managers, which I know will please his particular friend, Dan Bryant, to hear of; and Wilsom swears that without Pony he'd have to shut up shop—this will be pleasant reading for Charley White and Billy Quinn. There, now, I think that will do to give the boys an idea of the real "Simon Pure Original Jacobs" Christy Minstrels, for they have performing with them the only man that ever belonged to E. P. Christy's party, and that gentleman is Le unassuming Tom Christian, a right down good fellow. It's not for me to stir up the pot and renew the controversy, as to who are really the Originals; but I know one thing, no other company have *more* right to the name than this party.

After church, Pony and I had a long chat together about matters and things here, and in the States. It was he who first told me of Heenan's second marriage with Miss Sarah Stevens, now performing at Drury Lane, London. (I say, second; because it has been undisputably proved that John did marry Adah Isaacs Menken, or there could never have been a divorce granted the lady, that's certain. If those papers that took such pains to try and injure Miss Adah a year or two ago, had been as anxious to have this part of the scene understood, they'd reflect a heap more credit upon themselves, for impartiality and justice: it aint no more than right they should do so, is it, Captain?) He also inquired all about the Bryants, Charley White, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Quinn, etc.; wanted to know if I was acquainted with Andy Moore, his brother, who keeps the Irving House, named after Jim, corner of Twenty-fifth street and Sixth avenue, and hundreds of other matters. Pony has a bully fob chain that John Heenan made him a present of at a hotel here, called the Blue Pig; he'll remember *that* incident. What surprised me most was, to hear how kindly he asked about the other Christy party, Dave Wambold, Billy Collins, Billy Burton, and all hands; you see, there's no hard feeling, after all, if they do rap one another over the knuckles pretty hard when advertising. Why should there be, anyhow? Heaven knows, good, Union-loving American citizens have a hard row to hoe against the great mass of Southern sympathisers in England, without biting one another's noses off, and you'll be glad to hear of this fraternization, I've no doubt. Well, we talked for a good two hours, until I had to break away, if there was to be any Liverpool for me in the morning. To cut a long story short, Pony, Wilsom, Crocker, Christian, and the whole band wish me to send all their brother-cullies their sincerest regard and good wishes, with all kinds of prosperity, individually and collectively, to you and yours, Mr. Queen. It's hard telling when any of them will return to their native land—business is too good to think of it yet awhile, although they tell me Master Lowis left for New York some time ago, to join Hooleys Minstrels in Brooklyn. [He is now nightly performing with that excellent troupe.—ED. CLIPPER.] So much for my interview with the Christy's at the Theatre Royal.

I'm afraid you'll know little, if anything, about Liverpool in this letter, from the way things have got mixed up. No matter, it will all come out right in the end. You must know, there was no going to bed that night, for fear of laying too long next morning. I had to be at the depot by six o'clock, A. M., get my box weighed, checked, and several other little chores to attend to, which couldn't be done over night. They're a set of beats, those railway controllers, and being obliged by Government to run one train a day, at a penny a mile, they compel a fellow to be up and ready to start long before the roosters begin to crow. You'd better believe somebody wasn't mad when they struck me for seven shillings besides my own fare, for carrying a hundred and seventy pounds weight of dry goods and things to Liverpool. It was no use snarling—they had me foul, and when cornered, I generally play the part of the "man with but few words," doing a d——d sight of thinking. While in deep contemplation as to how I could get back on 'em, the whistle gave a scream, the engine commenced to ch, ch, ch, the conductor bellowed out, "Hall aboard!" and we were off. Completely used up, I stretched myself out on the seat, got into a half-asleep-half-awake sort of condition, and remained so for some six hours, or until we arrived at Liverpool, about which town I shall have something to say next week, sure.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FIFTEEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MRS. HAMBLIN.—CORRECTON.—A correspondent, who seems pretty well informed on theatrical affairs, says that there are several errors in Col. Brown's biographical sketch of Mrs. T. S. Hamblin (not T. L.) published in our last. We let our correspondent speak for himself:—

Mrs. Thomas Sowerby Hamblin the 1st, was a Miss Blanchard, daughter of an English comedian of that name. This lady was divorced from T. S. H., and afterwards became Mrs. Charles. She is dead.

Mrs. T. S. Hamblin the 2d was Miss Neoma Vincent, some relation to Mary Galager, next to old Tom Riely's place, 5th Ward. She is also dead.

Mrs. Hamblin the 3d was Miss Medina, authoress of the dramas of "Rienzi," "Last Days of Pompeii," etc. She also died.

Mrs. T. S. H. the 4th was Mrs. Shaw, wife of a Dr. Shaw, from whom she obtained a divorce, as he, James R. Whiting, and Thomas Barry, the actor, are fully aware. She was then married to T. S. H., although they were man and wife, in fact, long before. The 1st Mrs. H. was the mother of Bessie and William.

[Another correspondent indulges in a few remarks on the same subject. Where errors occur, we are always glad to have them pointed out.—ED. CLIP.]:—

EDITOR CLIPPER: It strikes me that your biography sketcher gets matters somewhat mixed occasionally, as, for instance, in the article headed "Mrs. Thomas S. Hamblin," wherein the two wives of the deceased actor and manager, Hamblin, are evidently confounded. The first wife of Mr. Hamblin was Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, daughter of the eminent London comedian of that name. She made her London *debut* at the Haymarket, as Emily Worthington, July 15, 1818. After her marriage, she came to this country with her husband, and made her first appearance in New York, at the Park Theatre, as Mrs. Haller, November 4, 1825, and was subsequently a great favorite at the Bowery. After procuring a divorce from Hamblin, she married a young man named Charles, whom she introduced to the New York stage at the Richmond Hill Theatre, as Frank Heartall, July 2d, 1836—and no doubt, as your correspondent states, at Philadelphia also. She never, however, retired from the profession, but was well known at the New Orleans and other southern and western theatres as Mrs. Charles, under which name she played at Niblo's in the summer of 1848. Mrs. Charles—formerly Hamblin, *nee* Blanchard—died at New Orleans, of cholera, May 8, 1849.

The other Mrs. Hamblin—whose maiden name was Trewar—made her *debut* as stated, when a child, in 1817, at Drury Lane, as a supernumerary to the present Mrs. Maeder's Lord Flimnap, in "Lilliput." She came to this country as Mrs. Shaw, and made her *debut* at the Park, in "The Wife," July 25th, 1836. She was a star of acknowledged brightness, and played several engagements at the Park, and many seasons at the Bowery, where she was a paramount favorite. She was always announced as Mrs. Shaw, until the death of the before-mentioned lady, when she took the name of Hamblin. Where she now plays, or under what name, I cannot say, but she has never been in retirement for twenty-one years.

Another instance in your article on Miss Fanny Kelly, Nov. 8, wherein all that is said of her is probably true as regards her great merit—the error is in stating that she was at the Park Theatre, where she never played, nor was she ever in this country. Her sister, Miss Lydia Kelly (although very inferior to Fanny), was the great magnate at the Park for several years, commencing September 17, 1824, as Lady Teazle," and ending her career there July 26, 1831. She returned to Europe, married a French Baron, and has probably ever since been in retirement, for she carried a handsome fortune home with her. There were four Misses Kelly on the British stage at the time so there is perhaps some excuse for blundering in this case. The eldest and most famous was Miss Frances Maria Kelly—before mentioned—who never married, and if now living must be more than seventy years of age. Then there was Miss H. Kelly (no relation of the former), afterwards Mrs. T. Hill, who was a very fine actress in comedy of various grades. Then Miss F. H. Kelly, who made her *debut* at Covent Garden in 1822 as Juliet, and who for a few seasons was much admired. Finally, Miss Lydia, who ranked lower than either in merit, had appeared in London in 1815, but was never there an acknowledged favorite. If living, she is now 67 years of age.

Your paper carries with it too much weight of authority to allow the errors in its biographical department to pass unexposed.
H. N. D.

THOMAS D. RICE,
"JIM CROW,"

Was born in New York, May 20, 1808. He first learned the trade of a carver, but on attaining his majority, joined a theatrical association, and then went to Kentucky, under the management of Noah Ludlow, Esq. He made his first appearance at the Park Theatre, and made a great hit in a piece called "Jim Crow." After a most successful career in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, he crossed the Atlantic, and appeared in 1836 at the Surrey Theatre, London. His career in England was a most extraordinary one. The "Jim Crow" entertainment was the rage. He managed to keep up the excitement by improvising new verses to his song, and thus making it entirely new every evening. The young men about town formed a Jim Crow Club, and got up at their own expense, lithographs of the favorite of the hour, whose pathway was literally paved with British gold; but Mr. Rice, like too many of his *confreres*, was generous to a fault, and spent his money almost as fast as he received it. On the 18th of June, 1837, he married Miss Gladstone, eldest daughter of Mr. Gladstone, formerly manager of the Surrey Theatre. The ceremony took place at St. John's Church, Westminster. In looking over a file of Irish papers, we were struck by the unexplainable attractions of his sooty face, and garments of rags and tatters. Mr. and Mrs. Wood could not draw a house, and Macready had to quit the field for Jim Crow. We find on one occasion, at Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant and suit were present, and $1800 in the house, one clear third of which went to Mr. Rice. On his fourth night he had $1400 in the house, and in Cork the receipts were $1900 per night. At all these places, independent of jumping Jim Crow, he appeared as Ginger Blue, Cæsar, and in several pieces of similar merit. When he returned from Europe, he was eagerly sought after by the managers, and played as a star in all the theatres in the country. His favorite *role* was the "Fancy Negro," now nearly gone out, but he was equally good as the plantation hand. His physical peculiarities enabled him to distance all competitors in his particular line.

He composed a burlesque opera called "Bone Squash," and a negro extravaganza on the plot of "Othello," both exceedingly entertaining, and very successful. About ten years ago Mr. Rice was stricken with paralysis, and suffered very much until the day of his death, which occurred in New York, September 19, '60. He continued to appear on the stage at intervals, and played a short time before his death at one of the Broadway concert saloons. Mr. Rice's death will be more generally regretted than his public position would seem to imply. He was one of the most amiable and kind-hearted men that ever lived, and was the same in prosperity as in adversity. The actors called him by the pet name of "Daddy Rice," and he was one of the few of his profession who never knew what it was to be jealous of a rival, or envious of another's success. His purse and heart were always open, and he was what might be called a thorough gentleman by instinct.

SAMUEL S. SANFORD,

Born in the city of New York, January 1, 1821, while his mother was on a visit to that city. He early evinced a penchant for public life, and, at nine years of age, made his *debut* at Dan Neuman's ball room, located at what is now known as Eighth and Willow, Philadelphia, as a singer, &c. From thence he proceeded to Allentown, and then to Reading, Pa., where he engaged as a comic singer with his uncle, Hugh Lindsay, a celebrated clown. He proved a great card for Lindsay, with whom he remained until sixteen years of age, when a mind full of intelligence prompted him to secure a trade, which was soon chosen with Parkinson, the well-known confectioner of Philadelphia. On becoming aware of its many branches, and the length of time it would take him to attain perfection in them all, and longing once more to hear the admiring plaudits of audiences, Sanford suggested to Parkinson to release him from his contract. Being a great favorite with the family, they could not resist his wish. This was in 1840, when negro singing and dancing first became a popular amusement. He accordingly entered with spirit into the business, and appeared at one of the Philadelphia theatres, in connection with other performers, in a series of songs and dances. His success was immense.

Being persuaded to visit England, the troup started from New Orleans in 1845, and opened at St. George's Hall, London, and afterwards at the Princess' and Drury-lane theatres. For three years he travelled through England, Ireland, and Scotland, and then returned to Philadelphia.

On the first of August, 1853, he opened the hall known as Korponay's Ball Room, situated at Twelfth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. On the 9th of December, of the same year, the place was destroyed by fire, proving a total loss to the enterprising manager. Sanford was insured for $3000, but the company proved to be a bogus one, and he never received a cent of insurance. He next turned his attention to the church property—his late establishment in Eleventh street, which was then in the hands of the Philistines—and, thinking that he could put it to some use, leased, and opened it as Sanford's Opera House, on the 23d of April, 1855, with a very fine programme.

For several years Mr. Sanford did a thriving business at his opera house, but the war, and other causes, at last operated against him, and he left the opera house, and travelled the country, with a company; but the times were out of joint, and he returned to Philadelphia, opening the new saloon in Concert Hall, in Chestnut above Twelfth, where he is at present located. Mr. Sanford is a liberal and kind-hearted gentleman, and his purse has always been open to the calls of the needy. In assisting others, he has forgotten himself, and he is now beginning life again, in hopes of regaining a portion, at least, of the many sums he has lost during the past few years. He is industrious, persevering, and generous. We hope to have the pleasure of noticing his success, ere long, for he is surely a deserving man. Few calls upon his purse are disregarded; none, in fact, as long as there is a "shot in the locker."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

EUROPEAN CHESS ITEMS.

MUZIO GAMBIT.—Mr. Paulsen has invented a new defence to his most dashing and remarkable *debut* in the game, of which Herr Loewenthal says, in substance, that he finds it equally sound as ingenious. Herr Anderssen has tried several attacks against it and lost in every instance. It is needless to remark that we are impatient to see it.

SIGNOR DUBOIS has won a match of Mr. Valentine Green, the over-rated returned Indian player, giving him Pawn and move.

HERR KOLISCH contemplates an early visit to Spain, to forward Chess interests, improve and inspirit the amateurs of that country. After having been the home of Vicent and Lucena, the renowned Ruy Lopez, to this day our master with his Kt's game and gambit, and Polerio, from 1495 to 1610, after having been the very abode of Chess skill, learning and enthusiasm, Spain in Chess, as in every thing else, has sunk so far below mediocrity as to be simply forgotten—except as the posessor of the most thrilling historical and traditionary glories. But see her shaking the sloth from her heart, the dust from her eyelids; unfettering her genius in every department! Now the genius of Chess delighted, revisits the halls of her old triumphs, and as Italy has again a worthy pupil of her great masters in Signor Dubois, we confidently predict that Spain will soon again present us a son worthy to bear the "Banner of Castile" where Chess knights tilt the most stubbornly for victory, and where triumph brings as much renown as the contest was nightly contested. A Chess magazine is regularly issued at Madrid, and the city has two clubs both generally well attended, and both boasting of some very good players.

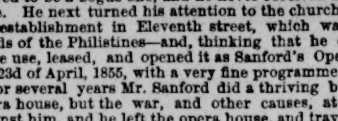
A MATCH is in progress at the Cigar Divan between Mr. Geo. Maude and the Rev. G. A. McDonnell, five games to win. The score, at last advices, stood:—Drawn 1, each player 3. We were informed by the late *Irish Sporting Times* that Mr. McD.'s family is in no way connected with that of La Bordonnais' great competitor.

THE LEITFADEN, 3d Ed., has been received in England.

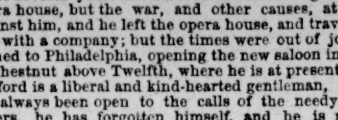
ENIGMA No. 355.

From the Illustrated London News.

BY EUGENE B. COOK.



at his R 5, Q B 7, Q 5, K R sq, Q B 4th.



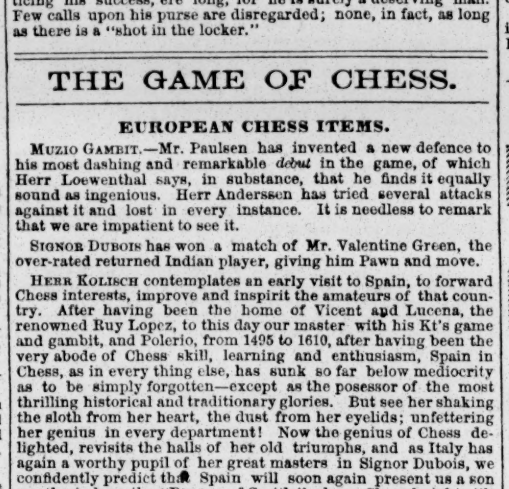
at his B 4, K 5, K B 3, K R 2d,

White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 355.

GAME—BY HERR KOLISCH.

BLACK. Schumoff.



WHITE. Kolisch.

White to play and win the *partie*.

GAME No. 355.

Played at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" between C. H. Stanley, Esq., and our contributor John Schlesinger.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Stanley.	Defence, Schlesinger.	Attack, Stanley.	Defence, Schlesinger.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K B to Kt 3	Q to K 2
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	12..K B–B 2	Castles, Q R
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	13..P–Q Kt 4	P–Q 4 (*c*)
4..P–Q 3	P–K R 3	14..K B–R 4	Q P × P
5..Castles	K Kt–B 3	15..K B × Kt	Q R × P
6..Q B–K 3	K B–Kt 3	16..B × Kt P +	K × K B
7..P–Q B 3	P–Q 3 (*a*)	17..Q–K 2	Kt–his 5
8..Q–her 2	K B × B	18..P–K R 3	R × K P
9..B P × B	P–Q R 3	19..Q–her Kt 2	K 2d P × Kt
10..Q Kt–R 3 (*b*)	Q B–K 3	20..R P × Kt	Q R–K 7 (*d*),

and Mr. Stanley resigns.

Notes, by our contributor.

(*a*) Wary; wants the Attack to commit himself to some decided line of procedure.

(*b*) Stanley seems bent on developing his game before entering upon any combinations.

(*c*) Unlooked for; this is one of those neat little *coups* that entirely change the aspect of a game.

[The *partie* is most singularly and neatly conducted to its termination by our contributor.]

(*d*) Wins Q, or mates in two moves.

Magnificently fought and most instructively annotated *partie* between Herr Kolisch and M. Schumoff, during the former's recent visit to St. Petersburg.—*Era.*

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

Kolisch.	Schumoff.	Kolisch.	Schumoff.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	25..K R to B 5	Q R × B P
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	26..Q–her Kt 3	R–K B 7
3..K B–B 4	K Kt–B 3 (*e*)	27..K R × R	Q × K R
4..Castles (*f*)	K B–K 2 (*g*)	28..Q–her Kt 7	K B–B 4
5..P–Q 4	P–Q 3	29..Q × B P	K B–Q 5
6..K B–Kt 5 (*h*)	Q B–Q 2	30..Q–her Kt 5	K B × Kt
7..Q Kt–B 3	Castles	31..Kt P × B	Q × R P
8..P–Q 5 (*i*)	Q Kt–home	32..Q–her 5	Q–her B 7
9..K B × B	Q Kt × B	33..Q–her 3	Q × Q
10..K Kt–K sq	P–Q B 3	34..Q R × Q	R–Q B sq
11..Q P × P	Kt P × P	35..K–Kt sq	R–B 5 (*k*)
12..P–K B 4	Q–Kt 3 +	36..Q R–K 3	P–Q R 4
13..K–his R sq	K P × P	37..K–his B 2	P–Q R 5
14..K Kt–Q 3	Q R–Q sq	38..K–his 2	P–Q R 6
15..B × B 2d P	Q Kt–K 4	39..K–Q 3	P–Q R 7
16..B × Q Kt	Q P × B	40..Q R–K sq	R–Q R 5
17..K R–B 5	K Kt–Q 2	41..R–home (*l*)	K–Kt sq
18..Q–K 2	P–K B 3	42..P–Q B 4	K–B 2 (*m*)
19..Q R–K B sq	Kt–Q B 4	43..K–Q B 3	K–his 3
20..K Kt × Kt	Q × K Kt (*j*)	44..K–Q Kt 3	R–Q R 3
21..Q–K Kt 4	Q R–Q 7	45..R × R P	Q R × R
22..K R–his 5	R–K B 7	46..K × Q R	K–Q 3
23..Q–K 6 +	K–his R sq	47..K–Q Kt 3 (*n*)	K–Q B 4, and
24..Q R–Q sq	P–K R 3	Herr K. wins.	See Problem.

(*e*) A line of defence which, in our opinion, may be adopted with perfect safety. Indeed, we should even pronounce it superior to B to B 4th.

(*f*) Herr Kolisch has here exercised considerable judgement in departing from the ordinary line of attack, viz: K Kt to his 5th.

(*g*) Taking the P would not be good play, because the Attack would regain it with a better position. Again, K B to B 4th would also afford Herr K. the means of speedily developing his forces, by playing P to Q B 3d, with the view of establishing centre pawns by afterwards advancing P to Q 4th.

(*h*) Many players would here prefer P to Q 5th, driving back the Kt to his original sq, under the impression that the Defence would thereby be considerably cramped; the Attack's own Bishop would, however, be shut out from a most important diagonal. Some years ago this move was adopted by Paris in the match with Pesth. The French players were, however, defeated, a result that would tend to show the inferiority of advancing the P. We would prefer 6..P to Q B 3d to the move in the text, as it does not compel the abandonment of the important diagonal just referred to.

(*i*) We believe that taking Kt with B would have been the more correct play, as the following variation will show:—

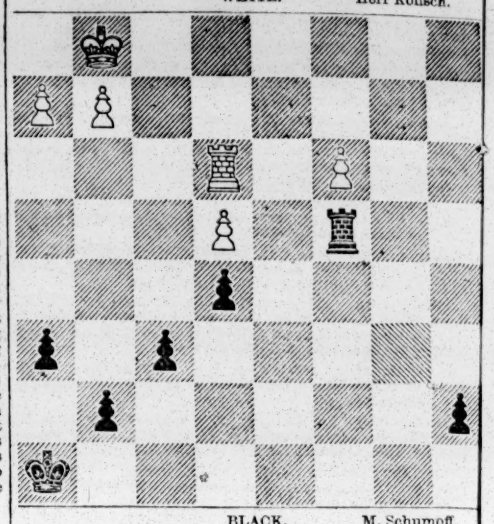
8..K B × Kt	Q B × B	10..Kt × P, leaving the Attack
9..Q–K 2	P × P *test*	with a freer game.

(*j*) It is obvious that taking Kt with B would have lost the Russ a piece, by the reply—Q to her B 4th (ch), followed by Kt to R 4th (ch), &c.

(*k*) We have now an End-Game of remarkable interest, and we recommend it to our readers as a study of a most instructive character.

So fine and instructive is this End-Game, that we will facilitate its examination, apart from the body of the game, (all fine) by a Diagram after the Attack's (White.) 36th move:—

WHITE. Herr Kolisch.



BLACK. M. Schumoff.

Black to move; he ought, *surely*, to draw the *partie*.

(*l*) All this is first rate play.

(*m*) Checking with the Rook would have been preferable.

(*n*) Of Herr Kolisch's next move (48th) Loewenthal remarks "This fine and scientific move secures him the victory."

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILL BOY, Paterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Md.—We will reply by mail at once. "Be of good cheer," you have suffered in a righteous and a glorious cause.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—Thanks for the match game recently contested between Mr. —— and yourself. Being somewhat lengthy, we shall require some time to examine it.

A. L. H., Baltimore, Md.—The "amended copy" shall appear soon.

J. H. B., Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Shall be happy to receive those positions at your convenience.

J. D. ELLWARNER, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Your position appears this week. Let us hear from you.

DUNDEE vs. MONTROSE.

From the Irish Sporting Times.

Third game in the match by correspondence between Dundee and Montrose.

Black, Montrose.	White, Dundee.	Black, Montrose.	White, Dundee.
1..11 to 15	24 to 20	11..12 to 19	22 to 18
2..8 11	27 24	12..14 23	31 27
3..9 14	22 18	13..19 24	27 13
4..15 22	25 9	14..4 8	30 25
5..5 14	29 25	15..8 11	25 2
6..11 15	24 20	16..2 6	22 11
7..15 24	28 19	17..11 16	20
8..10 15	19 16	18..1 5	2
9..6 15	25 22	19..5	30, drawn.
10..15 19	23 16		

GAME No. 32—VOL. X.

LAIRD AND LADY.

From Drummond's Third Edition.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	17..18 to 25	29 to 22
2..8 11	22 17	18..26 31	32 27
3..9 13	17 14	19..31 24	28 19
4..10 17	21 14	20..11 15	19 10
5..15 18	26 23	21..8 11	30 25
6..13 17	19 15	22..21 25	12
7..4 8	23 19	23..3 19	10
8..6 9	24 20	24..19 24	3
9..2 6	28 24	25..25 30*	7
10..9 13	15 10	26..30 25	22
11..6 15	19 10	27..15 18	16
12..12 16	31 26	28..18 27	19
13..17 21	26 23	29..27 31	26
14..13 17	24 19	30..25 22	17
15..17 22	19 12	31..22	18, drawn.
16..22 26	25 22		

* Anderson's Second Edition Improved. Branch 65.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 31—VOL. X.

BY J. H. BUENHAM.

Black.	White.
1..18 to 14	9 to 18
2..10 14	18 9
3..3 8	12 3
4..27 31	3 10
5..31	15, and wins.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 32—Vol. X.

BY C. ALLEN.

White.	Black.
1..7 to 2	10 to 1
2..2 6	1 10
3..23 18	16 23
4..18 14	10 17
5..13	24, and wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 97th POSITION

White.	Black.
1..3 to 7	11 to 16
2..13 9	6 13
3..4	8, and wins.

MATCH GAME.

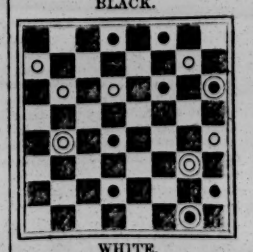
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance	
3..8	11	29	25
4..4	8		

POSITION No. 33—Vol. X. THE 98th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY J. D. ELLWARNER.

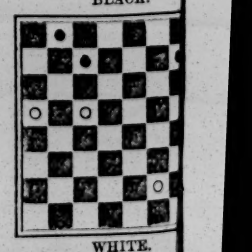
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move, White to [Very elaborate.—ED.

A FINE ANIMAL DEAD.—The valuable bull Prince of Cam owned by Mr. J. H. Swain, died recently on the Pun Ranch. This fine animal was imported by J. D. Patters had received the first premium at a number of the Cou State Fairs of California. He was valued at $3,000, and l loss to Mr. Swain.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, October 29.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 4.—J. Fox and Freeman (Tonky) £10 a side, at 8st, Birmingham.
25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.
26.—Patsey Reardon and Jem Dillon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home Circuit.
—.—Jem Mace and Tom King—£400 and the Championship, London.

GALLANT MILL BETWEEN DREW AND PORTER, FOR £20.

These lads, who, for the last month, have been in strict training, brought their differences to an issue on Tuesday, Oct. 21. Drew was backed from Jemmy Shaw's, and also had the advice and assistance of W. Ward, of Greenwich, while Porter was "found" his stakes at Mr. J. Patton's, Bedfordbury, at whose house they weighed on Monday, when both were well within the stipulated weight, 8st 2lb. Some little difficulty occurred in selecting a spot for the mill to be brought off, and it was not until late in the evening that the river (that "spot" so well known to old ring-goers) was agreed to. This being settled, the men and their friends met at Fenchurch-street Station, and steamed away for the seat of war, and in due time arrived on the ground, but only to be disappointed, for the powers that be were in strong force at the station, and the waves were so angry, that it was an impossibility to cross them. Nothing, therefore, remained, but to steam back, but as there was no train for *three* hours, all had to amuse themselves as best they could. Four venturesome individuals, bent on proving to the company that the river was to be crossed, engaged a boat, and boldly pushed from the shore, and amidst the shouts and derision of those assembled on the banks, were driven helplessly down the stream, and, after being drenched through, were glad to get on shore some three miles down the river, and tramp it back. This, of course, put a stop to all thoughts of getting the fight off in that district, and as the time drew nigh for the London train being due, all made for the station. On the platform, a consultation was held, and Geo. Clarke, the Hackney Wick bowler, prompted by one or two *knowing ones*, boldly asserted that he knew of a snug, quiet place, close at home, where it might be pulled off. This at first was ridiculed, but his earnestness, backed by the opinion of the above-named knowing ones, carried the day, and it was resolved to try it. Tickets were taken for a station hitherto unknown in the vocabulary of the P. R., and all being cautioned to be particularly "quiet," they got under weigh. On arriving at the destined station, Mr. W. Ward undertook the office of marshalling the forces, and never did 200 persons disappear with such marvellous rapidity as this particular cargo. Less than half a mile brought them to a level piece of turf, where Fred. Oliver and his satellite "Puggy," had the ring pitched, and no time was lost in getting to work. 50 to 40 were laid on Drew, and taken to a tidy sum. Drew won the toss for corners, was the first to shy his castor into the ring, and was waited upon by Billy Shaw and Young Baldock; He was quickly followed by Porter, who was seconded by Young Broome and Job Cobley. Fred. Oliver was at once agreed to as referee, and at twenty minutes past 4 o'clock the men were delivered at the scratch by their attendants, for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both looked well and confident. Drew stood the more artistic of the two, showing that the sparring school had been frequently visited by him, and was as lively on his pins as a kitten. Porter, although not so active, looked determined, and stood well for attack or defence. After a short time spent in sparring, to get each other's length, Drew dashed out his left, which alighted on the bridge of Porter's nose, and jumped away from the return; he again crept within distance, and repeated the dose, and Porter returned on the ribs with his right. This brought them to close quarters, and after some exchanges, Porter, in attempting to deliver a swinging right-hander, slipped down.

2. On time being called, Drew was the first up, and when Porter scratched, his nose showed the marks of Drew's left in the previous round, and his left eye proved that Drew had been busy in the close. Drew made one or two offers with his left, but Porter got back smiling; Drew then got within distance, and sent out his left viciously on the nose, taking off the bark, and gaining "first blood." They closed, and in the half-arm hitting Drew was all over his adversary; and, after a brief struggle for the fall, both went down, Porter under.

3. Drew was no sooner delivered by his seconds, than he let go his right at Porter's ribs, and the blow sounded all round the ring. Porter tried to return, but was short, and seemed battered. Drew danced round him, and then paid another visitation to the ribs, without a return. Porter tried with his left, but Drew would not stand it and got out of danger. On taking up fresh ground, Drew got his left on Porter's mouth, splitting his lip, and his right on the right eyebrow, likewise inflicting a cut; and ere Porter could recover himself, was again there. Porter, acting on the advice of his seconds, rushed to in-fighting, but was met by a nose-ender. Nothing daunted, he bored in, and after getting one or two slight hits on the top of Drew's head, and receiving on the jaw and nose, closed, and Drew cleverly cross-buttocked his man and fell heavily on him. 4 to 1 was now offered on Drew, without takers.

4. Porter tried his best to turn the tide in his favor. He led off with his left, and got home on Drew's chin, who returned on the throat. Porter then dashed to close quarters, but Drew punished him heavily, hitting away merrily with both hands. They fought to the ropes, where both were down, Drew undermost. 15 minutes had now elapsed.

5. Both were a bit slower, the fast fighting in the former rounds having blown them, and each sparred for wind. Drew was the first to make play, by landing his left on Porter's nose, and his right on the side of the head. This riled Porter, who closed, and after some merry fibbing at the ropes, both were down.

6. Drew had now taken a decided lead, and scarcely showed a mark, while Porter's facial region was much out of order. Baldock, seeing this, cried to Drew to go in, which he did, delivering both hands on the nose and left eye without a return. Porter gamely got to close quarters, but he was no better off, for Drew, after hitting him all over the head, cleverly back-heeled him, and fell on him.

7 was a very short one, for no sooner had they faced each other than Drew dashed out his left on Porter's mouth, and sent him to grass.

8. Porter seemed determined to do or die, for without hesitation he rushed at Drew, who met him with the left on the nose, and this bringing them together, Drew, with his left, held his man, while, with the right, he inflicted several severe uppercuts, and in the end fought his adversary down. Any odds were now offered on Drew, who, up to this time, was scatheless.

9. No sooner were they up, than they got together and fought to the ropes, and in struggling there for the fall, Porter's forefinger of his right hand caught against the rope, and was bent back almost out of the socket, but still he managed to be uppermost in the fall.

10. Porter looked weak; Drew seeing it, stepped up to him, delivering his left heavily on the nose, and Porter was down.

11. This round virtually ended the fight, for Drew hit his man wherever and whenever he liked, and, in return, only got a tap on his left eyebrow, just raising a bump. Porter, going for the off-chance, dashed to a close, and got the hug on; but Drew, by sheer strength, lifted him by the waist, and dashed him to the ground.

12. Porter looked as if "he didn't seem to like it," and kept away from his opponent, but Baldock reminding Drew that it would soon be dark, that personage directly went to fighting, and sent out both hands, the left on the nose, and the right on the ear, drawing more blood. Porter returned slightly on the body, but his blows had no steam in them, and he was fought down.

13. Drew, as soon as they faced each other, led of with his left on the mouth, then closed, and fibbed his man severely. Porter tried his best, but it was of no avail, for he could make no impression on his wiry antagonist, who closed, and threw Porter heavily, falling on him, when Young Broome, seeing that it was useless to prolong the contest, humanely threw up the sponge, and Drew was hailed the winner, after fighting twenty-six minutes, and leaving the ring almost without a mark.

REMARKS

On the above are almost superfluous, for, from the commencement, Drew planted on his adversary whenever he chose, and although Porter did his utmost for victory, he was so much overmatched that he had not a chance; still, he took his "gruel" good temperedly and without a murmur, and there is no doubt that he would willingly have continued the fight; but his seconds very judiciously gave in for him. Drew throughout fought in a very manly way, and showed himself a perfect general in the art of taking advantage of every opening, and also in getting out of difficulties. We shall be much surprised if, ere long, he is not heard of again.

POSH PRICE AND JOE GOSS.—This big event at last begins to assume a definite shape, Price having agreed to fight at catch weight, for the money down, in the London district, in consideration of receiving £5 from Goss. They fight on the 18th of the ensuing month. We hope we shall not have the unpleasant task of detecting another "screw loose" in this long-pending affair, and that the Brums will be saved the infliction of another "sell."

THE TERRY BENEFIT.—For many a long month, Birmingham has not witnessed such a show of pugilists as assembled at Mrs. Simmonds's, King's Arms, on Monday, Oct. 27, to do honor to the memory of the late much-respected Ben Terry, and raise a solid tribute of respect for his sorrowing widow and family. The arrangements, entirely through the supervision of Mr. R. Brettle, to whom too much praise cannot be given, were first rate throughout. Brettle personally incurred considerable expense in the present undertaking, besides stepping forward with his characteristic generosity, and paying off some heavy liabilities. For the past week, the sporting public have been in eager anticipation of this event, the names of Mace and King, with several other celebrities, having been paraded pompously through the streets. At half-past two o'clock, P.M., the tournament commenced, in the midst of a tremendous throng of spectators (the accommodation being totally insufficient for the hosts assembled.) The first of any note to show where Peter Morris (the Little Wonder,) and Young Holden, of Walsall, who highly delighted the spectators with their clever use of the "buff." Several minor stars next showed, and were followed by Dan Crutchley and Fred Fisher, who, by their admirable system of attack and defence, highly delighted the attendance. Next followed some lesser luminaries, who were succeeded by Bodger Crutchley and Bos Tyler, attended by the great card of the day, Tom King, who, with the most praiseworthy zeal in the good cause, left his training quarters to do honor to the undertaking. Lacking nothing, came Bob Travers and Tom Evans (*alias* Fence,) the former of whom came on the holy mission of charity, from his new "drum" in Leicester-square. Next came Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke, who very artistically wound up one of the most highly satisfactory benefits ever given in Birmingham, if we except want of room. We may remark, *en passant*, that Brettle, philosophically considering that "unity is strength," is reported to be sweet on the King's arms, without in the least prejudicing his usually loyal feelings.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ONE MILE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—The seventh contest for the one mile belt was entered into by Albison and Mower, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, on October 25th. As there was but a short time to expire of the eighteen months which the winner was to keep the cup, it was thought by many that there would be no other race for it; however, there was another challenge put forth by Mower, to run according to the conditions, and the present arrangement was entered into. This being the final struggle for the belt, speculation became very rife. On the men appearing within the enclosure, Albison's condition was the theme of admiration; whilst his opponent, Mower, seemed very thin indeed. The betting opened at 5 and 6 to 4 on Albison, but previously there was one bet of a level £200 made between a well-known "sporting Boniface" and a gentleman that has always stood side by side with Albison. Soon after four o'clock, both men entered the arena, attended by their respective backers and trainers—Joe Etchells once more taking his place beside his favorite, Albison, it being the final struggle. All being in readiness, the men disrobed and at once toed their mark, when a very even start was effected. Mower dashed off in front, and soon began to show the way by two yards; but, as there was a tremendous wind at the time, the pace was very slow, both men having to double themselves together on going down the hill on the back stretch. Passing the stand, the first time round, Mower was three yards in advance, and on completing the first lap old Time had gone 1 min. 25 sec. On going down the bottom end of the course, Albison seemed to be in distress, Mower being at this time about six yards in advance, that being about the greatest distance ever between them; however, on going down the back stretch, the last time round, Albison drew himself together, and, on nearing the bottom corner, he gave Mower the go-by, which was received with a shout. Soon after, however, Mower began to gradually catch his opponent, the excitement at this point being very great. However, on nearing the stand, in the last lap, Siah made one more desperate effort, and drew away from him amidst the shouts of hundreds of his partisans, Mower soon after giving up, dead-beat, without going up to the referee. The time (owing to the severe wind) was very long indeed—4 min. 38½ sec. We cannot close our account of this contest without awarding a word of praise to Albison, for his straightforward conduct. He is a fine young man, stands 5ft. 11in., and weighs upwards of 11st., completed his twenty-second year on April 26 last, and through his present victory the one mile belt becomes his personal property. No "ped" breathing is more entitled to any trophy, as it never yet was contested for without Siah being one of the competitors. The belt is made of a rich blue velvet, well backed and lined with crimson silk, the edges being mounted with gold thread, and up the centre the words Champion's Belt beautifully worked in gold thread. It may be worn as a sash as well as a belt; there are also three silver ornaments plated with gold, and in the centre is a large shield surmounted by a crown; there are three or four "peds" well "at it," the whole being in *basso relievo*. There is at one end a large plated buckle besides, and the portions not occupied are filled in with small work, surrounding groups of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, all in gold thread; the ends are composed of a rich gold fringe, and altogether the trophy has a very imposing appearance. The belt is enclosed in a neat box with a glass lid.

SIX MILES CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—A race of this distance, for £50 and the Champion's Belt, took place on October 27, at Hackney Wick, E. Mills and W. Lang, of Middlesboro, being the contestants. Six weeks previously the same men contended for the same trophy, Mills winning by one and a half yards only, in 31 min. 11 sec. Lang, being beaten so short a distance, thought that in another struggle victory might declare for him, and at once made the present match. The betting opened at 5 to 4 and closed at 6 to 4 on Mills, and a considerable sum at those prices was invested. At about ten minutes past four o'clock, little Teddy came on the course, attended by Sam Barker, and was loudly cheered. He was quickly followed by Lang, accompanied by his mentor, Jesse Smith, from whose house he was backed, and he was likewise greeted with cheers. After taking their canters, they doffed their flannels, and appeared to have made up their minds for a severe struggle, as each wore nothing but the customary short running drawers. Both were in splendid condition, and looked the very models of pedestrians. The referee having taken up his post, the competitors toed the mark, and simultaneously dashed away, running shoulder to shoulder for about forty yards, when Lang went to the front, and carried on the running at a pace that seemed too fast to last; still they kept on at undiminished speed, lap after lap, until, in rising the hill in the eighth round, Mills put on some extra steam and took the lead; Lang, however, in the next lap, again deprived him of it, both going at railway speed. Their positions were not altered for several laps; but on rounding the top bend of the course in the fourteenth lap, little Teddy, answering the call of Barker, once more took up the running, and in a fine burst left Lang some four or five yards in the rear. This, however, he made up in the next round, and, amidst loud cheers, they sped on their way, not more than a yard separating them for the succeeding three laps. Here Lang again resumed the lead, and many of Teddy's friends began to fear that the severe pace had affected his weak foot; but these fears were dispelled when in the nineteenth lap he dashed ahead, full of running, and as buoyant as cork. At half the distance, which was run in 15 min, 11 sec., Teddy was leading by two yards, and for the next mile this order of running was maintained, the spectators cheering them on to redoubled efforts. Commencing the fifth mile, Lang, amidst a scene of wild excitement, passed Mills, and going up the hill, held a lead of about three yards; but on their emerging from behind the pagoda turn, Mills was again seen at his opponent's elbow, and thus they finished the fifth mile, in 25 min. 41 sec. Now came the interesting part of the race, each man striving his utmost to cut his opponent down; but such was the perfection of their condition, that the efforts they made left no discernible impression, and they sped along the course as fresh as when they first started. In the thirty-fifth lap, Lang led by two yards; but as they swept round the top bend of the course, entering the straight run, Teddy gathered himself together, in answer to a call from Bill Price, and came to the front. Now the shouts of those assembled were almost deafening, and, as the race drew to a close, it became very exciting, for it was plainly to be seen that, despite all Teddy's endeavors, he could not shake off the sturdy Lang, who, running as game as a pebble, stuck to Teddy's elbow until two laps had only to be paced over, when Lang dropped slightly in the rear, and, with his mouth open, was evidently in trouble; he still, however, kept on until commencing the last lap, when Mills, putting on another desperate spurt, got a lead of five or six yards; this advantage he increased going up the hill, and on entering the straight for home was ten yards in front. Lang made a rush, and tried to get up, but it was of no avail, for Mills went past the post a gallant winner by a dozen yards. Lang was so much exhausted that he reeled on to the rails some ten yards from the winning-post, and had to be assisted from the ground. After somewhat recovering themselves and resuming their clothes, Teddy expressed his willingness to run the winner of the hour's race at Brompton; and as Deerfoot has proved himself to be a thorough good one, another meeting between two such clippers would prove exciting in the extreme. The following time is correct, being taken by Benson's marking chronograph:—

MILES.	M. S.	MILES.	M. S.
1	4 51	4	20 23
2	9 58	5	25 41
3	15 11	6	30 46

THE GREAT ONE-HOUR RACE.—LONGEST DISTANCE EVER RUN IN THAT TIME.—This exciting event came off on the Old Brompton Cricket Ground, on Monday afternoon, Oct. 27, in the presence of something like four thousand spectators, every provision for their accommodation and comfort having been provided by Mr. Roberts. The general public assembled on "the bank," and extended about half way down the east side of the enclosure, while, along the opposite boundary, a single row of carpeted seats were provided for such as chose to pay an additional fee for the accommodation. A strong body of police kept the ground admirably. The present being the first occasion upon which the Indian has run against time, and following so closely as the event did upon the explosion of what has been termed the "Deerfoot bubble," public excitement ran unusually high, those of his well-wishers, and such as had faith in his inherent qualites as a pedestrian, (and their name is Legion) rejoicing that so favorable an opportunity was afforded their *protege* of silencing his detractors, and the result amply proved their confidence in his powers was by no means misplaced or over-rated, he having in the most gallant manner accomplished the longest distance—eleven miles, one quarter, and 280 yards—ever run within the hour. Brighton's performance on this occasion—eleven miles and 370 yards—stands next in order, beating that of Jackson by 330 yards, the highest on record up to yesterday. The race, as our readers are aware, was for a silver cup, valued at £40, to become the *bona fide* property of the winner, without any condition whatever. The second man to receive £5, the third £3, and the fourth £2. There were no less than eight entries, viz.; the Aboriginal Indian, Deerfoot; John White, of Gateshead; John Brighton, of Norwich; Mower, of Deerham; Andrews, of London; Newman, of London; Kowles, of Canada; and Pllar, of Cranbrook. Six only of the above "toed the scratch," Ellar and Mower defaulting. An excellent start was effected at the firing of a gun, at 4h. 13 min. 21 sec. White, Brighton, and Deerfoot soon drew ahead, leaving the others in a separate group. Each of the leading trio was in turn a yard or so in advance at the end of the first dozen laps. White was evidently out of condition, and the Indian and Brighton at length shook him off. The others "ran all over the place," but still persevered. The Canadian, who occasionally provoked roars of laughter by his extraordinaray "spurts" and "flashes in the pan," was a lap behind the leading men at a mile and three-quarters, and two laps in the rear at two miles and a half. No change of importance took place until White slackened for a "sponge," evincing symptoms of distress, and at seven miles and a quarter he "dropped out." Deerfoot having obtained a decided lead, kept increasing it at every lap, bounding on with the greatest ease and indifference, as if he were merely taking a quiet "spin," and Brighton followed in equally good form, running well within himself. It now became a question whether the Indian would not "overlap" Brighton before the expiration of the hour, as the long stride of the former was evidently telling upon him. When eleven miles had been completed, a gun was fired, and 2 min. 43 sec. remained unappropriated. During this interval, Deerfoot completed another lap and 280 yards; Brighton did not complete the eleven miles and a quarter by about seventy yards; Andrews, third; Newman, fourth. Deerfoot was loudly cheered at the close of the match, and the cup was presented to him at Mr. Roberts' in the evening. He felt evidently proud of the trophy, and was to be seen at a later hour, at the Alhambra, with it secured round his brawny shoulders with a leather strap. Brighton also received a large and well-merited share of applause for his plucky performance. The reason White so soon relinquished the contest was in consequence of his want of condition, he only having been in training about ten days. The time, as under, was taken by one of Benson's marking chronographs, Messrs. G. Martin and G. F. Finn, of Canterbury, also recording it:—

Miles.	m. s.	Miles.	m. s.
1	4 32	7	36 44
2	9 55	8	42 3
3	15 24	9	47 27
4	20 37	10	52 51
5	25 50	11	57 17
6	31 15		

and in the hour, 11 miles and 720 yards.

THE TURF.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

THE RACE FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.

This race, one of the big events on the British Turf, was run on Tuesday, Oct. 27. Optimist was the only American horse that ran, making but a poor show, taking "a conspicuous place in the rear rank," at least, so says the annexed report.

The Cambridgeshire Stakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, with 100 added from the Town Racefund; winners extra; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 30 sovs to the Judge; Cambridgeshire Course. 196 subs, 66 declared.

Lord Chesterfield's Bathilde, by Stockwell—Babette, 4 yrs. 6st 10lb.....E Martin 1
Lord Stamford's Limosina, by Newminster—Charity, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb, (inc. 3lb ex).....Laotes 2
Baron Niviere's Gomma, by Womersley—Garenna, (bred in France), 3 yrs, 6st 9lb.....Hunter 3
Mr. W. Goater's Aurelian, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Custance 4
Mr. Cartwright's Fairwater, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb.....S Rogers 0
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Optimist, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb.....Fordham 0
Mrs. Osbaldestone's Camerino, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb.....J Osborne 0
Mr. Fobert's Dictator, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb.....Challoner 0
Sir J. Hawley's Argonaut, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Drew 0
Mr. Johnson's Lady Ripon, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb.....Bullock 0
Count F. de Lagrange's Stradella, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (car. 7st 8lb).....C Pratt 0
Lord Coventry's Exchequer, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb.....J Adams 0
Mr. Bevill's Henham Lass, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb.....Snowden 0
Lord Glasgow's c by Barbarus—Clarissa, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb.....T Osborne 0
Mr. Whittaker's Yorkminster, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb.....Carroll 0
Mr. Rodger's Queen of Trumps, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (inc 10lb ex).....H Grimshaw 0
Lord Annesley's Ace of Clubs, 3 yrs, 7st 11b (inc. 7lb ex.).....H Bradley 0
Mr. R. Boyce's Conqueror, 4 yrs, 7st.....Reeves 0
Duke of Beaufort's Doncaster, 5 yrs. 7st.....Judd 0
Mr. Dunbar's Overton, 4 yrs, 7st.....Perry 0
Mr. T. Hughes' M. Phillipe, aged, 6st 12lb (car 7st..Clements 0
Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's Myrtle, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb (car 6st 11lb.....Daley 0
Lord Westmoreland's Schism, 6 yrs, 6st 10lb (inc. 3lb ex.).....Hardcastle 0
Mr. O'Reilly's Stanton, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb (inc 3lb ex).....D Wynne 0
Mr. F. Swindell's Tolurno, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb.....Bradford 0
Mr. Naylor's Agag, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb.....T French 0
Mr. T. Valentine's Q. E. D., 3 yrs, 6st 7lb.....H Covey 0
Lord Glasgow's c by West Australian—Clarissa, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb (car 6st 8lb).....Doyle 0
Mr. Spencer's Squire Percy, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb.....Mordan 0
Mr. J. Smith's Hartington, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (inc 7lb ex), car 6st 10lb.....Midgley 0
Mr. J. Osborne's Interduca, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb (inc 6lb ex).....Whiteley 0
Lord Chesterfield's Polynesia, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb.....Williamson 0
Mr. Grimshaw's Silkstone, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Wilkinson 0
Mr. Fleming's Magnum Bonum, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Cooper 0
Lord Coventry's Balder, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Maidment 0
Baron Rothschild's Gorse, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb (car 6st 3lb).....Wheatly 0
Mr. Elphinstone's Lapidist, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb.....J Grimshaw 0
Mr. R. Law's Incitatus, 3 yrs, 6st.....E Taylor 0
Mr. F. Swindell's Bedouin, 3 yrs, 6st.....Murfit 0
Mr. Payne's Merry Maid, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (inc 3lb ex).....H Bell, jun 0
Mr. Savile's Vertumna, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....Jebb 0
Mr. Johnstone's Oberon, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....Dixon 0
Mr. W. Day's Manrico, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....S Adams 0

Betting:—7 to 1 agst Myrtle, 8 to 1 each agst Limosina and Dictator, 10 to 1 agst Aurelian, 100 to 8 each agst Clarissa colt and Lapidist, 100 to 7 agst Hartington, 15 to 1 agst Gorse, 25 to 1 agst Bathilde, 30 to 1 each agst Ace of Clubs, Oberon, and M. Phillipe, 33 to 1 each agst Polynesia and Conqueror, 40 to 1 each Gemma and Queen of Trumps, 50 to 1 each agst Silkstone, Agag, Stradella, and Interduca, 66 to 1 each agst Argonaut and Manrico, and 100 to 1 each agst Squire Percy and Merry Maid.

THE RACE.

The forty-three runners were weighed out by Mr. Manning with most praiseworthy despatch, and seeing that this was one of the largest fields that ever contested on the English Turf, the manner in which the scaling of such a large body of jockeys was got through, was indicative of perfect arrangement on the part of the clerk of the scales. Mr. M'George did his utmost to ensure a satisfactory start, but, as usual, there were some displays of fractiousness on the part of a few of the horses, Squire Percy being the principal offender in this respect. At twenty minutes past four, the starter having got the field well together, the signal was given to one of the best starts of the season, but the dimness of the afternoon prevented us from judging of the colours with any precision. They ran in a compact body across the course; Agag, on the lower ground, making the running, followed by Oberon and Gorse, in the middle, and after them came Bathilde, Limosina, Gemma, Aurelian, Henham Lass, Queen of Trumps, Conqueror, Clarissa colt, and Myrtle, running almost in a line. In pursuit of these were Hartington, Fairwater, Ace of Clubs, Lapidist, and Overton. At the turn of the Lands, Gorse held a lead, and Oberon and Agag were beaten at the site of the Old Duke's Stand, and in a few strides further, Baron Rothschild's mare was also in trouble. Bathilde, pulling double, in the center of the course, then came to the front, with Limosino and Gemma right and left of her, and the Clarissa colt on the upper ground. Halfway up the rails, Limosina and Gemma challenged Bathilde, who, however, had the best of her opponents at every stride, and, getting rid of Limosina, won cleverly, after a splendid finish, by a neck; a head only separated the second and third; and Aurelian, who came with a rush at the finish, was only defeated a similar distance for third place; Hartington, who had been outpaced from end to end, struggled home, by sheer gameness, into the fifth position; Lord Glasgow's four year old Clarissa colt was sixth, Stradella seventh, Queen of Trumps eight, and at the head of the next lot was Ace of Clubs. Conspicuous in the rear rank of all, were Lady Ripon, Oberon, Optimist, and Tolurno. Incitatus and Magnum Bonum were the two absolute last. Nett value of the stakes, £2,300.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.—At this convention of speedy "equuses" or "he-cusses"—take your choice—Mr. Ten Broeck's horses took an unsuccessful part on the first and second days. On Monday, October 27, his Curtie ran second in "A Maiden Plate," Mr. Ossian's Voivode being the winner; and his Maggiore was also placed second in a Handicap Sweepstakes, Mr. Murphy's Leonora being first. On the following day, in the "Optional Selling Stakes," his Santhal was "nowhere," and the same may be said of Maggiore in a race for a "Selling Handicap Sweepstakes." In the "Cambridgeshire" Mr. Ten Broeck's Optimist also took a back seat, as will be seen in a report elsewhere.

WHO BIDS?—The American horse Optimist (who has put more or less money in Mr. Ten Broeck's pocket during his operations on the British Turf), as well as his horse Amy, are advertised for sale.

HIS LAST RACE.—On Sunday, October 19, Geo. Francis, an English jockey of repute, had his career brought to a close by death. He was known as "The Drover," through John Scott having chosen him from a drove, as he was passing by.

WALTER DAY.—This prominent turfite, nephew of Mr. G. Day, and foreman of a training establishment at Danebury, Eng., died on Oct 21.

A HIGH OLD TIME.

Grim visaged war, with his horrid wrinkled front, has failed to create a wrinkle on the social nature of our wide-awake people, who delight in annual merry meetings, be it at the temples of the drama, minstrel halls, or on the wax-covered floors of the ball room. Such being the case, we did not marvel to discover the old Apollo Rooms, on Broadway, more than crowded on the night of the 12th inst., by "gay boys and girls," with a sprinkling of the "sere and yellow leaf," who gathered together at the invitation of the Independent Columbian Social Club, to "kill time," and dance away dull care to the lascivious warblings of Wallace's Ball Band. And such "footing it" you never did see. Now, among the beauties there was that witching little creature, Miss M. C——e—neatly dressed in light silk, and very conspicuous, for "she wore a wreath of roses," and carried a bouquet in her "pretty white hand"—when she "stood around" with handsome Tom Kiernan, the gentlemanly President of the club, in a polka, we kinder "gin eout" with—no, it wasn't envy, but something else of the divine sort, and all of a sudden found ourselves "hale fellow well met," with a Young, tall chap, whom we once Lent our presence at the bar, tasting the effervesence of "Bourbon sour." Miss M. D——e dressed in black silk, with a sort of Zoo-zoo roundabout arrangement; Miss Julia C——e, black silk, with a light colored basque; Miss L. L——r, and Miss McC——e, all looked very charming, and danced gracefully. Miss M. C——r, dressed in a beautiful silk plaid, whom we detected in a quadrille-chat with Jim Callahan, was the observed of all observers. Her dancing was very clever. Miss E. B——y, a decided beauty, that every dancer was eager to embrace in a waltz, carried off the envious appellation of "Belle of the Ball," to somebody's thinking; but, of course, the majority of the *sci divant* belles couldn't see it. Miss L. W——l, Miss L——d, and Miss M——y, from Cuba, looked charmingly. Space will not admit of further mention of other ladies, and we must crave their indulgence for the omission; suffice it to say, we have seldom enjoyed better company than with the host of ladies who graced the ball with their presence. To Jas. S. Kiernan, Wm. W. Vanderbilt, M. D. Winchell, W. F. Phillips, H. C. Bertrand, and Thos. Van Riper, floor committee, we feel indebted for their many acts of courtesies. May all who participated in the ball of the "I. C. S. C.," live to meet again, Nov. 12, 1863.

BALL PLAY.

MYSTIC VS ROSE HILL.—A match was played Oct. 31, at Fordham, between the Mystic, of New York, which now holds the silver ball as "champion" (?) of the Juniors, and the Rose Hill, a club belonging to St. John's College, Fordham. Both clubs turned out in full force and presented a fine array, but the superior play especially the batting of the Rose Hills, secured them an easy and decisive victory. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

ROSE HILL.	H.L.	RUNS.	MYSTIC.	H.L.	RUNS.
Murphy, c f	4	4	Manson, 3d b	3	2
O'Donnel, 1st b	3	3	Rooney, r f	0	4
Olwell, 3d b	5	3	McCarthy, c f	0	4
Dougherty, p	2	5	O'Connor, l f	0	4
Kenny, l f	2	4	T Kelly, 2d b	2	3
McGarry, s s	2	5	W Kelly, c	2	2
Lynch, 2d b	1	5	W Glover, p	0	3
Smith, r f	3	3	C Glover, s s	1	3
O'Byrne, c	5	1	Gray, 1st b	1	2
Total		33	Total		27

Of the skill displayed by the respective players we would mention on the side of the Rose Hill, Kenny, O'Donnell, and McGarry, who were all that could be wished in their respective positions. O'Byrne also sustained his well merited reputation of being one of the best catchers to be found in any of our junior clubs. On the part of the Mystic club, Manson, W. Kelly and T. Kelly, played their positions with great credit to themselves, and to the club of which they are members. Lynch, of the Rose Hill, secured a run by a good hit to the left field. Umpire, J. Gaynor, of the Union, of Morrisania.

ATHLETIC VS OLYMPIC.—These rival clubs of the city of brotherly love had their return match together on the St George Cricket grounds, Camac's Woods, Philadelphia, on Oct. 31, and this time the Athletics achieved their much desired and long fought for victory by a score of 19 to 10. The contest was marked throughout with that feeling that should characterize all encounters of the kind, and was in every respect satisfactory. The Olympics were minus the services of three of their prominent players on the occasion, but their substitutes acquitted themselves creditably. We append the full score, kindly furnished us by the gentlemanly scorer of the Athletics:—

BATTING.

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	RUNS.	OLYMPIC.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Pratt, p	3		2	E Bomeisler, s s	1		2
Malone, s s	2		3	McCauley, 1st b	2		2
Berkenstock, 1st b	3		2	T Bomeisler, c	2		2
Gratz, 3d b	3		2	C Bomeisler, l f	1		3
Paul, 2d b	2		3	J Smith, 3d b	0		4
Wilkins, r f	3		1	Richards, p	1		2
McBride, c	2		1	M Smith, 2d b	1		2
Moore, c f	1		4	Ashmead, r f	2		1
Hayhurst, l f	0		3	Warner, c f	0		3
Total			24	Total			21

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	2	1	4	2	2	3	5			—19
Olympic	2	2	1	1	0	0	4			—10

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'ad.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'ad.	Base.	Total.
Pratt	1	1	1	3	E Bomeisler	0	0	0	0
Malone	0	0	0	0	McCauley	0	0	8	8
Berkenstock	1	1	7	9	T. Bomeisler	1	2	0	3
Gratz	0	0	0	6	C. Bomeisler	0	1	0	1
Paul	2	0	0	2	J Smith	0	0	1	1
Wilkins	0	0	0	0	Richards	0	0	0	0
McBride	1	4	0	5	M Smith	3	0	0	3
Moore	0	0	0	0	Ashmead	0	0	0	0
Hayhurst	0	1	0	1	Warner	0	1	0	1
Total	5	7	8	20	Total	4	4	9	17

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	1st	2d	3d	Base	Fbal
Pratt	0	0	1	0	0	0	
Malone	0	0	2	0	0	0	
Berkenstock	0	0	1	0	1	0	
Gratz	1	0	1	0	0	0	
Paul	0	1	0	0	0	1	
Wilkins	0	0	0	0	0	1	
McBride	0	0	1	0	0	0	
Moore	1	1	2	0	0	0	
Hayhurst	1	2	0	0	0	1	
Total	3	2	8	0	1	3	

	Fly	B'd	1st	2d	3d	Base	Fbal
E Bomeisler	0	0	1	0	0	1	
McCauley	0	1	1	0	0	0	
T Bomeisler	1	0	1	0	0	0	
C. Bomeisler	0	0	0	0	0	2	
J Smith	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Richards	0	0	0	0	0	2	
M Smith	0	0	2	0	0	0	
Ashmead	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Warner	1	0	1	0	0	1	
Total	4	2	7	0	0	6	

Missed on the fly—C Bomeisler, 1; Warner, 1; Pratt, 1; Hayhurst, 1.
Missed on the bound—M Smith, 1; T Bomeisler, 1; Hayhurst,

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER EIGHT.

LAST DAY IN BIRMINGHAM—INTERVIEW WITH PONY MOORE AND THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS—A GOOD TIME ALL ROUND—OFF FOR LIVERPOOL.

Becoming tired of Smokey Brum, I determined on a trip to Liverpool, to see that buxom and sociable little woman, Mrs. Sampson, wife of Phil Sampson, one of Jem Ward's old opponents. Charley Clifton having taken occasion to throw out some hints for my line of conduct at Phillip's house, I thought well over the matter ere doing anything rash. Before taking you to Liverpool, however, it may be interesting to tell you of my last night in Birmingham. Not expecting to go there again, early in the morning I started out to call on the different bruisers, to take a parting glass. Bob Brettle, Hammer Lane, Morris Roberts, Jack Matthews, Jack Rooke, Mat Collinson, Ted Roberts, Bodger Crutchley, Harry Allen, Morris Phelan, Nobby Hall, Joe Nolan, Peter Morris, etc., were visited, also Little Jones, of the *Sporting Life*, whom Mace's Wolf, the brute, once gave a severe drubbing on my account: with all these your Cabin Boy had to "gin up" or "smile," and if I hadn't been off duty, Captain, you would have been perfectly justified in putting me in irons. However, let that slide—it shan't occur again till the next time. The numerous potations imbibed made me more talkative than usual; I even offered to back Heenan against all Brummagem combined, but nobody accepted, although several jocularly said "they could cook my goose in about two minutes." After considerable chaff there was "nobody hurt on either side;" every one here treated me like a lord, and were full of good wishes for the CLIPPER. Having got a pretty good cargo aboard, the next best thing was to simmer down on vinegar and pickles, (they're first-rate when a fellow's taken too much "ginger pop") after which, preparations were made for journeying on the morrow. A donkey and man, or man and donkey, rather, were specially detailed to convey my lumbering box to Smethwick station, so as to have no bother next morning; for this the donkey—no, the man—charged two "bob." That was so much off my mind. Now, strange to relate, I had been unsuccessfully hunting for Pony Moore over six months, and singularly enough, his party, the Christy Minstrels, were advertised that very night to appear at the Theatre Royal. Says I to myself, "I'll see Pony any how, whether too late for the train or not." Six o'clock found me [illegible] corner of New and Temple streets, on the lookout for George W. or any of the boys I might happen to know. In a few minutes who should scud along but Jim Crocker, a Brooklyn boy, and Mr. Wilsom, the manager: giving the son of Malta sign, "Sherry yer nibs," we got acquainted quicker'n lightnin'. They both insisted on my going on the stage, leading the way down Temple street, and up a narrow court, where that part is approached. In the green room, or black room, was Pony and his brudder nigs, blacking up for the show. "Why, Ned, how the hell are you?" hollered Pony, at the same time giving my hand a regular Masonic grip with his, and leaving unmistakable evidence of burnt cork there. "Boys, here's Frank Queen's Cabin Boy! make yourselves acquainted." Then followed introduction after introduction—every mother's son of 'em black as blazes; by the time I'd shook hands all around, you might almost swear I belonged to the company, too. Nothing would satisfy them but for me to stay and see the show—they wouldn't take no for an answer, but rushed me straight into a private box without judge or jury, *a la* Fort Lafayette. Wishing to make the best of a good bargain, I concluded to see the show, if only for the say so. With a staving good house, all the boys felt first-rate. As no better chance may present itself, you shall have their entire programme.

After the "over shoe" (as Archy Hughes would say,) and opening chorus, H. Norman sang "Twinkling Stars;" Pony Moore, "That's So;" G. J. Wilsom, "Gentle Jenny Gray;" J. P. Crocker, "Run, Run, Run;" F. Romer, "Poor Old Joe;" Pony Moore, "Tapioca;" G. J. Wilsom, "The day our Mother died;" E. Morton, "Opera Burlesque" and the Christy's Quickstep by the company. Part two: "Burlesque a la Suisse," by Messrs. Moore, Romer, Christian, and Morton; Ballad, H. Norman; Song and Dance, J. P. Crocker; Tyrolean Solo, T. Christian; Oratorical Display, Messrs. Moore and Morton; and a ballad by F. Romer. Part three; Opening Chorus, by the company; "Poor Old Jeff," F. Romer; "Carry me back to Old Virginny," Pony Moore; "Rosa Lee," G. J. Wilsom; "The Coon Hunt," J. P. Crocker. The whole concluding with the "Sleigh Polka," or a musical description of a sleigh ride, with the departure, race on the road, arrival at the hotel, the ball, preparing to return, all aboard, the chorus, and arrival at home at daybreak.

You will notice there's not a vast difference in their style of performance from the Bryant's, Wood's, or Hooley's Minstrels. Pony, of course, is the leading spirit, and takes the bones; Crocker manipulates the tambo; Wilson is the sentimental; Romer, the bass; Morton, soprano and burlesque opera; Christian, Tyrolean warbler; and Norman, the balladist. They have no wench dancer, for a wonder, nor a professional jig dancer; but these are amply made up for in the drolleries of Moore, the unequalled basso singing of Romer, and the "Ule-i-ho's" of Christian. As companions, they are the jolliest set of nigger minstrels out, and get along first rate. Pony says Wilsom is one of the best of managers, which I know will please his particular friend, Dan Bryant, to hear of; and Wilsom swears that without Pony he'd have to shut up shop—this will be pleasant reading for Charley White and Billy Quinn. There, now, I think that will do to give the boys an idea of the real "Simon Pure Original Jacobs" Christy Minstrels, for they have performing with them the only man that ever belonged to E. P. Christy's party, and that gentleman is the unassuming Tom Christian, a right down good fellow. It's not for me to stir up the pot and renew the controversy, as to who are really the Originals; but I know one thing, no other company have *more* right to the name than this party.

After church, Pony and I had a long chat together about matters and things here, and in the States. It was he who first told me of Heenan's second marriage with Miss Sarah Stevens, now performing at Drury Lane, London. (I say, second; because it has been undisputably proved that John did marry Adah Isaacs Menken, or there could never have been a divorce granted the lady, that's certain. If those papers that took such pains to try and injure Miss Adah a year or two ago, had been as anxious to have this part of the scene understood, they'd reflect a heap more credit upon themselves, for impartiality and justice: it aint no more than right they should do so, is it, Captain?) He also inquired all about the Bryants, Charley White, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Quinn, etc.; wanted to know if I was acquainted with Andy Moore, his brother, who keeps the Irving House, named after Jim, corner of Twenty-fifth street and Sixth avenue, and hundreds of other matters. Pony has a bully fob chain that John Heenan made him a present of at a hotel here, called the Blue Pig; he'll remember *that* incident. What surprised me most was, to hear how kindly he asked about the other Christy party, Dave Wambold, Billy Collins, Billy Burton, and all hands; you see, there's no hard feeling, after all, if they do rap one another over the knuckles pretty hard when advertising. Why should there be, anyhow? Heaven knows, good, Union-loving American citizens have a hard row to hoe against the great mass of Southern sympathisers in England, without biting one another's noses off, and you'll be glad to hear of this fraternization, I've no doubt. Well, we talked for a good two hours, until I had to break away, if there was to be any Liverpool for me in the morning. To cut a long story short, Pony, Wilsom, Crocker, Christian, and the whole band wish me to send all their brother-cullies their sincerest regard and good wishes, with all kinds of prosperity, individually and collectively, to you and yours, Mr. Queen. It's hard telling when any of them will return to their native land—business is too good to think of it yet awhile, although they tell me Master Lewis left for New York some time ago, to join Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn. [He is now nightly performing with that excellent troupe.—ED. CLIPPER.] So much for my interview with the Christy's at the Theatre Royal.

I'm afraid you'll know little, if anything, about Liverpool in this letter, from the way things have got mixed up. No matter, it will all come out right in the end. You must know, there was no going to bed that night, for fear of laying too long next morning. I had to be at the depot by six o'clock, A. M., get my box weighed, checked, and several other little chores to attend to, which couldn't be done over night. They're a set of beats, those railway controllers, and being obliged by Government to run one train a day, at a penny a mile, they compel a fellow to be up and ready to start long before the roosters begin to crow. You'd better believe somebody wasn't mad when they struck me for seven shillings besides my own fare, for carrying a hundred and seventy pounds weight of dry goods and things to Liverpool. It was no use snarling—they had me foul, and when cornered, I generally play the part of the "man with but few words," doing a d——d sight of thinking. While in deep contemplation as to how I could get back on 'em, the whistle gave a scream, the engine commenced to ch, ch, ch, the conductor bellowed out, "Hall aboard!" and we were off. Completely used up, I stretched myself out on the seat, got into a half-asleep-half-awake sort of condition, and remained so for some six hours, or until we arrived at Liverpool, about which town I shall have something to say next week, sure.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FIFTEEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MRS. HAMBLIN.—CORRECTON.—A correspondent, who seems pretty well informed on theatrical affairs, says that there are several errors in Col. Brown's biographical sketch of Mrs. T. S. Hamblin (not T. L.) published in our last. We let our correspondent speak for himself:—

Mrs. Thomas Sowerby Hamblin the 1st, was a Miss Blanchard, daughter of an English comedian of that name. This lady was divorced from T. S. H., and afterwards became Mrs. Charles. She is dead.

Mrs. T. S. Hamblin the 2d was Miss Neoma Vincent, some relation to Mary Galager, next to old Tom Riely's place, 5th Ward. She is also dead.

Mrs. Hamblin the 3d was Miss Medina, authoress of the dramas of "Rienzi," "Last Days of Pompeii," etc. She also died.

Mrs. T. S. H. the 4th was Mrs. Shaw, wife of a Dr. Shaw, from whom she obtained a divorce, as he, James R. Whiting, and Thomas Barry, the actor, are fully aware. She was then married to T. S. H., although they were man and wife, in fact, long before. The 1st Mrs. H. was the mother of Bessie and William.

[Another correspondent indulges in a few remarks on the same subject. Where errors occur, we are always glad to have them pointed out.—ED. CLIP.]:—

EDITOR CLIPPER: It strikes me that your biography sketcher gets matters somewhat mixed occasionally, as, for instance, in the article headed "Mrs. Thomas S. Hamblin," wherein the two wives of the deceased actor and manager, Hamblin, are evidently confounded. The first wife of Mr. Hamblin was Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, daughter of the eminent London comedian of that name. She made her London *debut* at the Haymarket, as Emily Worthington, July 15, 1818. After her marriage, she came to this country with her husband, and made her first appearance in New York, at the Park Theatre, as Mrs. Haller, November 4, 1825, and was subsequently a great favorite at the Bowery. After procuring a divorce from Hamblin, she married a young man named Charles, whom she introduced to the New York stage at the Richmond Hill Theatre, as Frank Heartall, July 2d, 1836—and no doubt, as your correspondent states, at Philadelphia also. She never, however, retired from the profession, but was well known at the New Orleans and other southern and western theatres as Mrs. Charles, under which name she played at Niblo's in the summer of 1848. Mrs. Charles—formerly Hamblin, *nee* Blanchard—died at New Orleans, of cholera, May 8, 1849.

The other Mrs. Hamblin—whose maiden name was Trewar—made her *debut* as stated, when a child, in 1817, at Drury Lane, as a supernumerary to the present Mrs. Maeder's Lord Flimnap, in "Lilliput." She came to this country as Mrs. Shaw, and made her *debut* at the Park, in "The Wife," July 25th, 1836. She was a star of acknowledged brightness, and played several engagements at the Park, and many seasons at the Bowery, where she was a paramount favorite. She was always announced as Mrs. Shaw, until the death of the before-mentioned lady, when she took the name of Hamblin. Where she now plays, or under what name, I cannot say, but she has never been in retirement for twenty-one years.

Another instance in your article on Miss Fanny Kelly, Nov. 8, wherein all that is said of her is probably true as regards her great merit—the error is in stating that she was at the Park Theatre, where she never played, nor was she ever in this country. Her sister, Miss Lydia Kelly (although very inferior to Fanny), was the great magnate at the Park for several years, commencing September 17, 1824, as Lady Teazle," and ending her career there July 26, 1831. She returned to Europe, married a French Baron, and has probably ever since been in retirement, for she carried a handsome fortune home with her. There were four Misses Kelly on the British stage at the time so there is perhaps some excuse for blundering in this case. The eldest and most famous was Miss Frances Maria Kelly—before mentioned—who never married, and if now living must be more than seventy years of age. Then there was Miss H. Kelly (no relation of the former), afterwards Mrs. T. Hill, who was a very fine actress in comedy of various grades. Then Miss F. H. Kelly, who made her *debut* at Covent Garden in 1822 as Juliet, and who for a few seasons was much admired. Finally, Miss Lydia, who ranked lower than either in merit, had appeared in London in 1815, but was never there an acknowledged favorite. If living, she is now 67 years of age.

Your paper carries with it too much weight of authority to allow the errors in its biographical department to pass unexposed.
H. N. D.

THOMAS D. RICE,
"JIM CROW,"

Was born in New York, May 20, 1808. He first learned the trade of a carver, but on attaining his majority, joined a theatrical association, and then went to Kentucky, under the management of Noah Ludlow, Esq. He made his first appearance at the Park Theatre, and made a great hit in a piece called "Jim Crow." After a most successful career in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, he crossed the Atlantic, and appeared in 1836 at the Surrey Theatre, London. His career in England was a most extraordinary one. The "Jim Crow" entertainment was the rage. He managed to keep up the excitement by improvising new verses to his song, and thus making it entirely new every evening. The young men about town formed a Jim Crow Club, and got up at their own expense, lithographs of the favorite of the hour, whose pathway was literally paved with British gold; but Mr. Rice, like too many of his *confreres*, was generous to a fault, and spent his money almost as fast as he received it. On the 18th of June, 1837, he married Miss Gladstone, eldest daughter of Mr. Gladstone, formerly manager of the Surrey Theatre. The ceremony took place at St. John's Church, Westminster. In looking over a file of Irish papers, we were struck by the unexplainable attractions of his sooty face, and garments of rags and tatters. Mr. and Mrs. Wood could not draw a house, and Macready had to quit the field for Jim Crow. We find on one occasion, at Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant and suit were present, and $1800 in the house, one clear third of which went to Mr. Rice. On his fourth night he had $1400 in the house, and in Cork the receipts were $1900 per night. At all these places, independent of jumping Jim Crow, he appeared as Ginger Blue, Cæsar, and in several pieces of similar merit. When he returned from Europe, he was eagerly sought after by the managers, and played as a star in all the theatres in the country. His favorite *role* was the "Fancy Negro," now nearly gone out, but he was equally good as the plantation hand. His physical peculiarities enabled him to distance all competitors in his particular line.

He composed a burlesque opera called "Bone Squash," and a negro extravaganza on the plot of "Othello," both exceedingly entertaining, and very successful. About ten years ago Mr. Rice was stricken with paralysis, and suffered very much until the day of his death, which occurred in New York, September 19, '60. He continued to appear on the stage at intervals, and played a short time before his death at one of the Broadway concert saloons. Mr. Rice's death will be more generally regretted than his public position would seem to imply. He was one of the most amiable and kind-hearted men that ever lived, and was the same in prosperity as in adversity. The actors called him by the pet name of "Daddy Rice," and he was one of the few of his profession who never knew what it was to be jealous of a rival, or envious of another's success. His purse and heart were always open, and he was what might be called a thorough gentleman by instinct.

SAMUEL S. SANFORD,

Born in the city of New York, January 1, 1821, while his mother was on a visit to that city. He early evinced a penchant for public life, and, at nine years of age, made his *debut* at Dan Neuman's ball room, located at what is now known as Eighth and Willow, Philadelphia, as a singer, &c. From thence he proceeded to Allentown, and then to Reading, Pa., where he engaged as a comic singer with his uncle, Hugh Lindsay, a celebrated clown. He proved a great card for Lindsay, with whom he remained until sixteen years of age, when a mind full of intelligence prompted him to secure a trade, which was soon chosen with Parkinson, the well-known confectioner of Philadelphia. On becoming aware of its many branches, and the length of time it would take him to attain perfection in them all, and longing once more to hear the admiring plaudits of audiences, Sanford suggested to Parkinson to release him from his contract. Being a great favorite with the family, they could not resist his wish. This was in 1840, when negro singing and dancing first became a popular amusement. He accordingly entered with spirit into the business, and appeared at one of the Philadelphia theatres, in connection with other performers, in a series of songs and dances. His success was immense.

Being persuaded to visit England, the troup started from New Orleans in 1845, and opened at St. George's Hall, London, and afterwards at the Princess' and Drury-lane theatres. For three years he travelled through England, Ireland, and Scotland, and then returned to Philadelphia.

On the first of August, 1853, he opened the hall known as Korponay's Ball Room, situated at Twelfth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. On the 9th of December, of the same year, the place was destroyed by fire, proving a total loss to the enterprising manager. Sanford was insured for $3000, but the company proved to be a bogus one, and he never received a cent of insurance. He next turned his attention to the church property—his late establishment in Eleventh street, which was then in the hands of the Philistines—and, thinking that he could put it to some use, leased, and opened it as Sanford's Opera House, on the 23d of April, 1855, with a very fine programme.

For several years Mr. Sanford did a thriving business at his opera house, but the war, and other causes, at last operated against him, and he left the opera house, and travelled the country, with a company; but the times were out of joint, and he returned to Philadelphia, opening the new saloon in Concert Hall, in Chestnut above Twelfth, where he is at present located. Mr. Sanford is a liberal and kind-hearted gentleman, and his purse has always been open to the calls of the needy. In assisting others, he has forgotten himself, and he is now beginning life again, in hopes of regaining a portion, at least, of the many sums he has lost during the last few years. He is industrious, persevering, and generous. We hope to have the pleasure of noticing his success, ere long, for he is surely a deserving man. Few calls upon his purse are disregarded; none, in fact, as long as there is a "shot in the locker."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

EUROPEAN CHESS ITEMS.

MUZIO GAMBIT.—Mr. Paulsen has invented a new defence to his most dashing and remarkable *debut* in the game, of which Herr Loewenthal says, in substance, that he finds it equally sound as ingenious. Herr Anderssen has tried several attacks against it and lost in every instance. It is needless to remark that we are impatient to see it.

SIGNOR DUBOIS has won a match of Mr. Valentine Green, the over-rated returned Indian player, giving him Pawn and move.

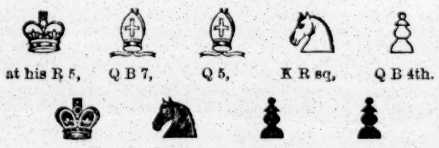
HERR KOLISCH contemplates an early visit to Spain, to forward Chess interests, improve and inspirit the amateurs of that country. After having been the home of Vicent and Lucena, the renowned Ruy Lopez, to this day our master with his Kt's game and gambit, and Polerio, from 1495 to 1610, after having been the very abode of Chess skill, learning and enthusiasm, Spain in Chess, as in every thing else, has sunk so far below mediocrity as to be simply forgotten—except as the posessor of the most thrilling historical and traditionary glories. But see her shaking the sloth from her heart, the dust from her eyelids; unfettering her genius in every department! Now the genius of Chess delighted, revisits the halls of her old triumphs, and as Italy has again a worthy pupil of her great masters in Signor Dubois, we confidently predict that Spain will soon again present us a son worthy to bear the "Banner of Castile" where Chess knights tilt the most stubbornly for victory, and where triumph brings as much renown as the contest was nightly contested. A Chess magazine is regularly issued at Madrid, and the city has two clubs both generally well attended, and both boasting of some very good players.

A MATCH is in progress at the Cigar Divan between Mr. Geo. Maude and the Rev. G. A. McDonnell, five games to win. The score, at last advices, stood:—Drawn 1, each player 3. We were informed by the late *Irish Sporting Times* that Mr. McD.'s family is in no way connected with that of La Bordonnais' great competitor.

THE LEITFADEN, 3d Ed., has been received in England.

ENIGMA No. 355.

From the Illustrated London News.
BY EUGENE B. COOK.



at his R 5, Q B 7, Q 5, K R sq, Q B 4th.

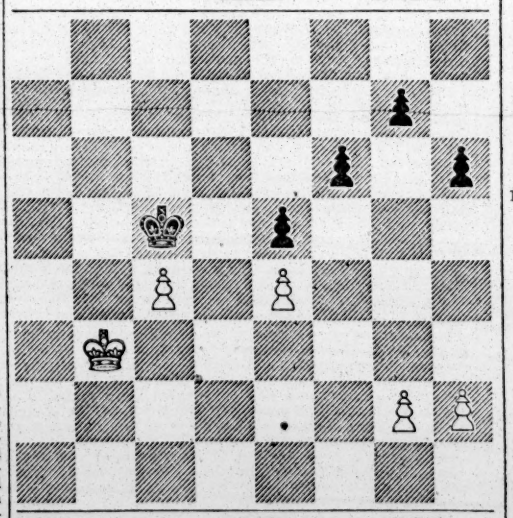
at his B 4, K 5, K B 3, K R 2d,

White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 355.

GAME—BY HERR KOLISCH.

BLACK. Schumoff.



WHITE. Kolisch.

White to play and win the *partie*.

GAME No. 355.

Played at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" between C. H. Stanley, Esq., and our contributor John Schlesinger.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Stanley.	Defence, Schlesinger.	Attack, Stanley.	Defence, Schlesinger.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K B to Kt 3	Q to K 2
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	12..K B–B 2	Castles, Q R
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	13..P–Q Kt 4	P–Q 4 (c)
4..P–Q 3	P–K R 3	14..K B–R 4	Q P × P
5..Castles	K Kt–B 3	15..K B × Kt	Q R × P
6..Q B–K 3	K B–Kt 3	16..B × Kt P +	K × K B
7..P–Q B 3	P–Q 3 (a)	17..Q–K 2	Kt–his 5
8..Q–her 2	K B × B	18..P–K R 3	R × K P
9..B P × B	P–Q R 3	19..Q–her Kt 2	K 2d P × Kt
10..Q Kt–R 3 (b)	Q B–K 3	20..R P × Kt	Q R–K 7 (d),

and Mr. Stanley resigns.

Notes, by our contributor.

(a) Wary; wants the Attack to commit himself to some decided line of procedure.

(b) Stanley seems bent on developing his game before entering upon any combinations.

(c) Unlooked for; this is one of those neat little *coups* that entirely change the aspect of a game.

[The *partie* is most singularly and neatly conducted to its termination by our contributor.]

(d) Wins Q, or mates in two moves.

Magnificently fought and most instructively annotated *partie* between Herr Kolisch and M. Schumoff, during the former's recent visit to St. Petersburg.—*Era.*

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

Kolisch.	Schumoff.	Kolisch.	Schumoff.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	25..K R to B 5	Q R × B P
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	26..Q–her Kt 3	R–K B 7
3..K B–B 4	K Kt–B 3 (e)	27..K R × R	Q × K R
4..Castles (f)	K B–K 2 (g)	28..Q–her Kt 7	K B–B 4
5..P–Q 4	P–Q 3	29..Q × B P	K B–Q 5
6..K B–Kt 5 (h)	Q B–Q 2	30..Q–her Kt 5	K B × Kt
7..Q Kt–B 3	Castles	31..Kt P × B	Q × R P
8..P–Q 5 (i)	Q Kt–home	32..Q–her 5	Q–her B 7
9..K B × B	Q Kt × B	33..Q–her 3	Q × Q
10..K Kt–K sq	P–Q B 3	34..Q R × Q	R–Q B sq
11..Q P × P	Kt P × P	35..K–Kt sq	R–B 5 (k)
12..P–K B 4	Q–Kt 3 +	36..Q R–K 3	P–Q B 4
13..K–his R sq	K P × P	37..K–his B 2	P–Q R 5
14..K Kt–Q 3	Q R–Q sq	38..K–his 2	P–Q R 6
15..B × B 2d P	Q Kt–K 4	39..K–Q 3	P–Q R 7
16..B × Q Kt	Q P × B	40..Q R–K sq	R–Q R 5
17..K R–B 5	K Kt–Q 2	41..R–home (l)	K–Kt sq
18..Q–K 2	P–K B 3	42..P–Q B 4	K–B 2 (m)
19..Q R–K B sq	Kt–Q B 4	43..K–Q B 3	K–his 3
20..K Kt × Kt	Q × K Kt (j)	44..K–Q Kt 3	R–Q R 3
21..Q–K Kt 4	Q R–Q 7	45..R × R P	Q R × R
22..K R–his 5	R–K B 7	46..K × Q R	K–Q 3
23..Q–K 6 +	K–his R sq	47..K–Q Kt 3 (n)	K–Q B 4, and
24..Q R–Q sq	P–K R 3	Herr K. wins.	See Problem.

(e) A line of defence which, in our opinion, may be adopted with perfect safety. Indeed, we should even pronounce it superior to B to B 4th.

(f) Herr Kolisch has here exercised considerable judgement in departing from the ordinary line of attack, *viz:* K Kt to his 5th.

(g) Taking the P would not be good play, because the Attack would regain it with a better position. Again, K B to B 4th would also afford Herr K. the means of speedily developing his forces, by playing P to Q B 3d, with the view of establishing centre pawns by afterwards advancing P to Q 4th.

(h) Many players would here prefer P to Q 5th, driving back the Kt to his original sq, under the impression that the Defence would thereby be considerably cramped; the Attack's own Bishop would, however, be shut out from a most important diagonal. Some years ago this move was adopted by Paris in the match with Pesth. The French players were, however, defeated, a result that would tend to show the inferiority of advancing the P. We would prefer 6..P to Q B 3d to the move in the text, as it does not compel the abandonment of the important diagonal just referred to.

(i) We believe that taking Kt with B would have been the more correct play, as the following variation will show:—

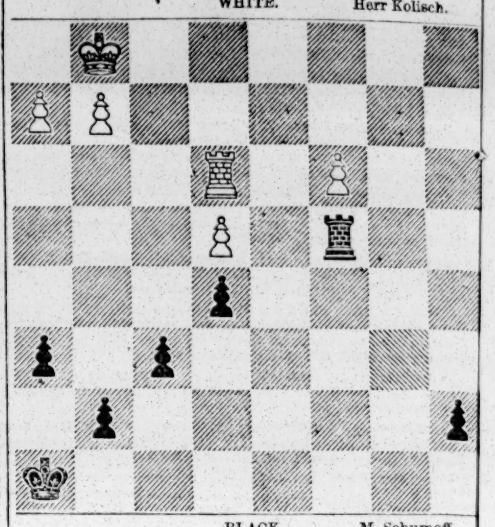
8..K B × Kt	Q B × B	10..Kt × P,	leaving the Attack
9..Q–K 2	P × P *test*	with a freer game.	

(j) It is obvious that taking Kt with B would have lost the Russ a piece, by the reply—Q to her B 4th (ch), followed by Kt to R 4th (ch), &c.

(k) We have now an End-Game of remarkable interest, and we recommend it to our readers as a study of a most instructive character.

So fine and instructive is this End-Game, that we will facilitate its examination, apart from the body of the game, (all fine) by a Diagram after the Attack's (White.) 36th move:—

WHITE. Herr Kolisch.



BLACK. M. Schumoff.

Black to move; he ought, *surely*, to draw the *partie*.

(l) All this is first rate play.

(m) Checking with the Rook would have been preferable.

(n) Of Herr Kolisch's next move (48th) Loewenthal remarks "This fine and scientific move secures him the victory."

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILL BOY, Paterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Md.—We will reply by mail at once. "Be of good cheer," you have suffered in a righteous and a glorious cause.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—Thanks for the match game received ly contested between Mr. ——— and yourself. Being somewhat lengthy, we shall require some time to examine it.

A. L. H., Baltimore, Md.—The "amended copy" shall appear soon.

J. H. B., Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Shall be happy to receive those positions at your convenience.

J. D. ELLWARNER, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Your position appears this week. Let us hear from you.

DUNDEE vs. MONTROSE.

From the Irish Sporting Times.

Third game in the match by correspondence between Dundee and Montrose.

Black, Montrose.		White, Dundee.		Black, Montrose.		White, Dundee.	
1..11	to 15	24	to 20	11..12	to 19	22	to 18
2.. 8	11	27	24	12..14	23	31	27
3.. 9	14	22	18	13..19	24	27	13
4..15	22	25	9	14.. 4	8	30	24
5.. 5	14	29	25	15.. 8	11	25	22
6..11	15	24	20	16.. 2	6	22	11
7..15	24	28	19	17..11	16	20	
8..10	15	19	16	18.. 1	5	2	
9.. 6	15	25	22	19.. 5	30, drawn.		
10..15	19	23	16				

GAME No. 32—VOL. X.

LAIRD AND LADY.

From Drummond's Third Edition.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	17..18	to 25	29	to 25
2.. 8	11	22	17	18..26	31	32	28
3.. 9	13	17	14	19..31	24	28	19
4..10	17	21	14	20..11	15	19	10
5..15	18	26	23	21.. 8	11	30	25
6..13	17	19	15	22..21	25	12	
7.. 4	8	23	19	23.. 3	19	10	
8.. 6	9	24	20	24..19	24	3	
9.. 2	6	28	24	25..25	30*	7	
10.. 9	13	15	10	26..30	25	22	
11.. 6	15	19	10	27..15	18	16	
12..12	16	31	26	28..18	27	19	
13..17	21	26	23	29..27	31	26	
14..13	17	24	19	30..25	22	17	
15..17	22	19	12	31..22	18, drawn.		
16..22	26	25	22				

* Anderson's Second Edition Improved. Branch 65.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 31—VOL. X.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

Black.		White.	
1..18	to 14	9	to 18
2..10	14	18	9
3.. 3	8	12	3
4..27	31	3	10
5..31	15, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 32—Vol. X.

BY C. ALLEN.

White.		Black.	
1.. 7	to 2	10	to 1
2.. 2	6	1	10
3..23	18	16	23
4..18	14	10	17
5..13	24, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 97th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1.. 3	to 7	11	to 16
2..13	9	6	13
3.. 4	8, and wins.		

MATCH GAME.

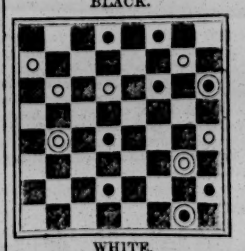
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8		

POSITION No. 33—Vol. X. THE 98th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY J. D. ELLWARNER.

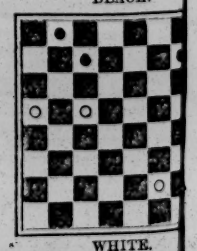
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move, White to [Very elaborate.—ED.

A FINE ANIMAL DEAD.—The valuable bull Prince of Cam owned by Mr. J. H. Swain, died recently on the Pun Ranch. This fine animal was imported by J. D. Patters had received the first premium at a number of the Cou State Fairs of California. He was valued at $3,000, and i loss to Mr. Swain.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, October 29.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 4.—J. Fox and Freeman (Tonky) £10 a side, at 8st, Birmingham.
25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.
26.—Patsey Reardon and Jem Dillon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home Circuit.
—.—Jem Mace and Tom King—£400 and the Championship, London.

GALLANT MILL BETWEEN DREW AND PORTER, FOR £20.

These lads, who, for the last month, have been in strict training, brought their differences to an issue on Tuesday, Oct. 21. Drew was backed from Jemmy Shaw's, and also had the advice and assistance of W. Ward, of Greenwich, while Porter was "found" his stakes at Mr. J. Patton's, Bedfordbury, at whose house they weighed on Monday, when both were well within the stipulated weight, 8st 2lb. Some little difficulty occurred in selecting a spot for the mill to be brought off, and it was not until late in the evening that the river (that "spot" so well known to old ring-goers) was agreed to. This being settled, the men and their friends met at Fenchurch-street Station, and steamed away for the seat of war, and in due time arrived on the ground, but only to be disappointed, for the powers that be were in strong force at the station, and the waves were so angry, that it was an impossibility to cross them. Nothing, therefore, remained, but to steam back, but as there was no train for *three* hours, all had to amuse themselves as best they could. Four venturesome individuals, bent on proving to the company that the river was to be crossed, engaged a boat, and boldly pushed from the shore, and amidst the shouts and derision of those assembled on the banks, were driven helplessly down the stream, and, after being drenched through, were glad to get on shore some three miles down the river, and tramp it back. This, of course, put a stop to all thoughts of getting the fight off in that district, and as the time drew nigh for the London train being due, all made for the station. On the platform, a consultation was held, and Geo. Clarke, the Hackney Wick bowler, prompted by one or two *knowing ones*, boldly asserted that he knew of a snug, quiet place, close at home, where it might be pulled off. This at first was ridiculed, but his earnestness, backed by the opinion of the above-named knowing ones, carried the day, and it was resolved to try it. Tickets were taken for a station hitherto unknown in the vocabulary of the P. R., and all being cautioned to be particularly "quiet," they got under weigh. On arriving at the destined station, Mr. W. Ward undertook the office of marshalling the forces, and never did 200 persons disappear with such marvellous rapidity as this particular cargo. Less than half a mile brought them to a level piece of turf, where Fred. Oliver and his satellite "Puggy," had the ring pitched, and no time was lost in getting to work. 50 to 40 were laid on Drew, and taken to a tidy sum. Drew won the toss for corners, was the first to shy his castor into the ring, and was waited upon by Billy Shaw and Young Baldock. He was quickly followed by Porter, who was seconded by Young Broome and Job Cobley. Fred. Oliver was at once agreed to as referee, and at twenty minutes past 4 o'clock the men were delivered at the scratch by their attendants, for

THE FIGHT.

'Round 1. Both looked well and confident. Drew stood the more artistic of the two, showing that the sparring school had been frequently visited by him, and was as lively on his pins as a kitten. Porter, although not so active, looked determined, and stood well for attack or defence. After a short time spent in sparring, to get each other's length, Drew dashed out his left, which alighted on the bridge of Porter's nose, and jumped away from the return; he again crept within distance, and repeated the dose, and Porter returned on the ribs with his right. This brought them to close quarters, and after some exchanges, Porter, in attempting to deliver a swinging right-hander, slipped down.

2. On time being called, Drew was the first up, and when Porter scratched, his nose showed the marks of Drew's left in the previous round, and his left eye proved that Drew had been busy in the close. Drew made one or two offers with his left, but Porter got back smiling; Drew then got within distance, and sent out his left viciously on the nose, taking off the bark, and gaining "first blood." They closed, and in the half-arm hitting Drew was all over his adversary; and, after a brief struggle for the fall, both went down, Porter under.

3. Drew was no sooner delivered by his seconds, than he let go his right at Porter's ribs, and the blow sounded all round the ring. Porter tried to return, but was short, and seemed battered. Drew danced round him, and then paid another visitation to the ribs, without a return. Porter tried with his left, but Drew would not stand it and got out of danger. On taking up fresh ground, Drew got his left on Porter's mouth, splitting his lip, and his right on the right eyebrow, likewise inflicting a cut; and ere Porter could recover himself, was again there. Porter, acting on the advice of his seconds, rushed to in-fighting, but was met by a nose-ender. Nothing daunted, he bored in, and after getting one or two slight hits on the top of Drew's head, and receiving on the jaw and nose, closed, and Drew cleverly cross-buttocked his man and fell heavily on him. 4 to 1 was now offered on Drew, without takers.

4. Porter tried his best to turn the tide in his favor. He led off with his left, and got home on Drew's chin, who returned on the throat. Porter then dashed to close quarters, but Drew punished him heavily, hitting away merrily with both hands. They fought to the ropes, where both were down, Drew undermost. 15 minutes had now elapsed.

5. Both were a bit slower, the fast fighting in the former rounds having blown them, and each sparred for wind. Drew was the first to make play, by landing his left on Porter's nose, and his right on the side of the head. This riled Porter, who closed, and after some merry fibbing at the ropes, both were down.

6. Drew had now taken a decided lead, and scarcely showed a mark, while Porter's facial region was much out of order. Baldock, seeing this, cried to Drew to go in, which he did, delivering both hands on the nose and left eye without a return. Porter gamely got to close quarters, but he was no better off, for Drew, after hitting him all over the head, cleverly back-heeled him, and fell on him.

7 was a very short one, for no sooner had they faced each other than Drew dashed out his left on Porter's mouth, and sent him to grass.

8. Porter seemed determined to do or die, for without hesitation he rushed at Drew, who met him with the left on the nose, and this bringing them together, Drew, with his left, held his man, while, with the right, he inflicted several severe uppercuts, and in the end fought his adversary down. Any odds were now offered on Drew, who, up to this time, was scatheless.

9. No sooner were they up, than they got together and fought to the ropes, and in struggling there for the fall, Porter's forefinger of his right hand caught against the rope, and was bent back almost out of the socket, but still he managed to be uppermost in the fall.

10. Porter looked weak; Drew seeing it, stepped up to him, delivering his left heavily on the nose, and Porter was down.

11. This round virtually ended the fight, for Drew hit his man wherever and whenever he liked, and, in return, only got a tap on his left eyebrow, just raising a bump. Porter, going for the off-chance, dashed to a close, and got the hug on; but Drew, by sheer strength, lifted him by the waist, and dashed him to the ground.

12. Porter looked as if "he didn't seem to like it," and kept away from his opponent, but Baldock reminding Drew that it would soon be dark, that personage directly went to fighting, and sent out both hands, the left on the nose, and the right on the ear, drawing more blood. Porter returned slightly on the body, but his blows had no steam in them, and he was fought down.

13. Drew, as soon as they faced each other, led of with his left on the mouth, then closed, and fibbed his man severely. Porter tried his best, but it was of no avail, for he could make no impression on his wiry antagonist, who closed, and threw Porter heavily, falling on him, when Young Broome, seeing that it was useless to prolong the contest, humanely threw up the sponge, and Drew was hailed the winner, after fighting twenty-six minutes, and leaving the ring almost without a mark.

REMARKS

On the above are almost superfluous, for, from the commencement, Drew planted on his adversary whenever he chose, and although Porter did his utmost for victory, he was so much overmatched that he had not a chance; still, he took his "gruel" good temperedly and without a murmur, and there is no doubt that he would willingly have continued the fight; but his seconds very judiciously gave in for him. Drew throughout fought in a very manly way, and showed himself a perfect general in the art of taking advantage of every opening, and also in getting out of difficulties. We shall be much surprised if, ere long, he is not heard of again.

POSH PRICE AND JOE GOSS.—This big event at last begins to assume a definite shape, Price having agreed to fight at catch weight, for the money down, in the London district, in consideration of receiving £5 from Goss. They fight on the 18th of the ensuing month. We hope we shall not have the unpleasant task of detecting another "screw loose" in this long-pending affair, and that the Brums will be saved the infliction of another "sell."

THE TERRY BENEFIT.—For many a long month, Birmingham has not witnessed such a show of pugilists as assembled at Mrs. Simmonds's, King's Arms, on Monday, Oct. 27, to do honor to the memory of the late much-respected Ben Terry, and raise a solid tribute of respect for his sorrowing widow and family. The arrangements, entirely through the supervision of Mr. R. Brettle, to whom too much praise cannot be given, were first rate throughout. Brettle personally incurred considerable expense in the present undertaking, besides stepping forward with his characteristic generosity, and paying off some heavy liabilities. For the past week, the sporting public have been in eager anticipation of this event, the names of Mace and King, with several other celebrities, having been paraded pompously through the streets. At half-past two o'clock, P.M., the tournament commenced, in the midst of a tremendous throng of spectators (the accommodation being totally insufficient for the hosts assembled.) The first of any note to show where Peter Morris (the Little Wonder,) and Young Holden, of Walsall, who highly delighted the spectators with their clever use of the "buff." Several minor stars next showed, and were followed by Dan Crutchley and Fred Fisher, who, by their admirable system of attack and defence, highly delighted the attendance. Next followed some lesser luminaries, who were succeeded by Bodger Crutchley and Bos Tyler, attended by the great card of the day, Tom King, who, with the most praiseworthy zeal in the good cause, left his training quarters to do honor to the undertaking. Lacking nothing, came Bob Travers and Tom Evans (*alias* Fence,) the former of whom came on the holy mission of charity, from his new "drum" in Leicester-square. Next came Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke, who very artistically wound up one of the most highly satisfactory benefits ever given in Birmingham, if we except want of room. We may remark, *en passant*, that Brettle, philosophically considering that "unity is strength," is reported to be sweet on the King's arms, without in the least prejudicing his usually loyal feelings.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ONE MILE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—The seventh contest for the one mile belt was entered into by Albison and Mower, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, on October 25th. As there was but a short time to expire of the eighteen months which the winner was to keep the cup, it was thought by many that there would be no other race for it; however, there was another challenge put forth by Mower, to run according to the conditions, and the present arrangement was entered into. This being the final struggle for the belt, speculation became very rife. On the men appearing within the enclosure, Albison's condition was the theme of admiration; whilst his opponent, Mower, seemed very thin indeed. The betting opened at 5 and 6 to 4 on Albison, but previously there was one bet of a level £200 made between a well-known "sporting Boniface" and a gentleman that has always stood side by side with Albison. Soon after four o'clock, both men entered the arena, attended by their respective backers and trainers—Joe Etchells once more taking his place beside his favorite, Albison, it being the final struggle. All being in readiness, the men disrobed and at once toed their mark, when a very even start was effected. Mower dashed off in front, and soon began to show the way by two yards; but, as there was a tremendous wind at the time, the pace was very slow, both men having to double themselves together on going down the hill on the back stretch. Passing the stand, the first time round, Mower was three yards in advance, and on completing the first lap old Time had gone 1 min. 25 sec. On going down the bottom end of the course, Albison seemed to be in distress, Mower being at this time about six yards in advance, that being about the greatest distance ever between them; however, on going down the back stretch, the last time round, Albison drew himself together, and, on nearing the bottom corner, he gave Mower the go-by, which was received with a shout. Soon after, however, Mower began to gradually catch his opponent, the excitement at this point being very great. However, on nearing the stand, in the last lap, Siah made one more desperate effort, and drew away from him amidst the shouts of hundreds of his partisans, Mower soon after giving up, dead-beat, without going up to the referee. The time (owing to the severe wind) was very long indeed—4 min. 38½ sec. We cannot close our account of this contest without awarding a word of praise to Albison, for his straightforward conduct. He is a fine young man, stands 5ft. 11in., and weighs upwards of 11st., completed his twenty-second year on April 26 last, and through his present victory the one mile belt becomes his personal property. No "ped" breathing is more entitled to any trophy, as it never yet was contested for without Siah being one of the competitors. The belt is made of a rich blue velvet, well backed and lined with crimson silk, the edges being mounted with gold thread, and up the centre the words Champion's Belt beautifully worked in gold thread. It may be worn as a sash as well as a belt; there are also three silver ornaments plated with gold, and in the centre is a large shield surmounted by a crown; there are three or four "peds" well "at it," the whole being in *basso relievo*. There is at one end a large plated buckle besides, and the portions not occupied are filled in with small work, surrounding groups of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, all in gold thread; the ends are composed of a rich gold fringe, and altogether the trophy has a very imposing appearance. The belt is enclosed in a neat box with a glass lid.

SIX MILES CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—A race of this distance, for £50 and the Champion's Belt, took place on October 27, at Hackney Wick, E. Mills and W. Lang, of Middlesboro, being the contestants. Six weeks previously the same men contended for the same trophy, Mills winning by one and a half yards only, in 31 min. 11 sec. Lang, being beaten so short a distance, thought that in another struggle victory might declare for him, and at once made the present match. The betting opened at 5 to 4 and closed at 6 to 4 on Mills, and a considerable sum at those prices was invested. At about ten minutes past four o'clock, little Teddy came on the course, attended by Sam Barker, and was loudly cheered. He was quickly followed by Lang, accompanied by his mentor, Jesse Smith, from whose house he was backed, and he was likewise greeted with cheers. After taking their canters, they doffed their flannels, and appeared to have made up their minds for a severe struggle, as each wore nothing but the customary short running drawers. Both were in splendid condition, and looked the very models of pedestrians. The referee having taken up his post, the competitors toed the mark, and simultaneously dashed away, running shoulder to shoulder for about forty yards, when Lang went to the front, and carried on the running at a pace that seemed too fast to last; still they kept on at undiminished speed, lap after lap, until, in rising the hill in the eighth round, Mills put on some extra steam and took the lead; Lang, however, in the next lap, again deprived him of it, both going at railway speed. Their positions were not altered for several laps; but on rounding the top bend of the course in the fourteenth lap, little Teddy, answering the call of Barker, once more took up the running, and in a fine burst left Lang some four or five yards in the rear. This, however, he made up in the next round, and, amidst loud cheers, they sped on their way, not more than a yard separating them for the succeeding three laps. Here Lang again resumed the lead, and many of Teddy's friends began to fear that the severe pace had affected his weak foot; but these fears were dispelled when in the nineteenth lap he dashed ahead, full of running, and as buoyant as cork. At half the distance, which was run in 15 min, 11 sec., Teddy was leading by two yards, and for the next mile this order of running was maintained, the spectators cheering them on to redoubled efforts. Commencing the fifth mile, Lang, amidst a scene of wild excitement, passed Mills, and going up the hill, held a lead of about three yards; but on their emerging from behind the pagoda turn, Mills was again seen at his opponent's elbow, and thus they finished the fifth mile, in 25 min. 41 sec. Now came the interesting part of the race, each man striving his utmost to cut his opponent down; but such was the perfection of their condition, that the efforts they made left no discernible impression, and they sped along the course as fresh as when they first started. In the thirty-fifth lap, Lang led by two yards; but as they swept round the top bend of the course, entering the straight run, Teddy gathered himself together, in answer to a call from Bill Price, and came to the front. Now the shouts of those assembled were almost deafening, and, as the race drew to a close, it became very exciting, for it was plainly to be seen that, despite all Teddy's endeavors, he could not shake off the sturdy Lang, who, running as game as a pebble, stuck to Teddy's elbow until two laps had only to be paced over, when Lang dropped slightly in the rear, and, with his mouth open, was evidently in trouble; he still, however, kept on until commencing the last lap, when Mills, putting on another desperate spurt, got a lead of five or six yards; this advantage he increased going up the hill, and on entering the straight for home was ten yards in front. Lang made a rush, and tried to get up, but it was of no avail, for Mills went past the post a gallant winner by a dozen yards. Lang was so much exhausted that he reeled on to the rails some ten yards from the winning-post, and had to be assisted from the ground. After somewhat recovering themselves and resuming their clothes, Teddy expressed his willingness to run the winner of the hour's race at Brompton; and as Deerfoot has proved himself to be a thorough good one, another meeting between two such clippers would prove exciting in the extreme. The following time is correct, being taken by Benson's marking chronograph:—

MILES.	M.	S.	MILES.	M.	S.
1	4	51	4	20	23
2	9	58	5	25	41
3	15	11	6	30	46

THE GREAT ONE-HOUR RACE.—LONGEST DISTANCE EVER RUN IN THAT TIME.—This exciting event came off on the Old Brompton Cricket Ground, on Monday afternoon, Oct. 27, in the presence of something like four thousand spectators, every provision for their accommodation and comfort having been provided by Mr. Roberts. The general public assembled on "the bank," and extended about half way down the east side of the enclosure, while, along the opposite boundary, a single row of carpeted seats were provided for such as chose to pay an additional fee for the accommodation. A strong body of police kept the ground admirably. The present being the first occasion upon which the Indian has run against time, and following so closely as the event did upon the explosion of what has been termed the "Deerfoot bubble," public excitement ran unusually high, those of his well-wishers, and such as had faith in his inherent qualites as a pedestrian, (and their name is Legion) rejoicing that so favorable an opportunity was afforded their *protege* of silencing his detractors, and the result amply proved their confidence in his powers was by no means misplaced or over-rated, he having in the most gallant manner accomplished the longest distance—eleven miles, one quarter, and 280 yards—ever run within the hour. Brighton's performance on this occasion—eleven miles and 370 yards—stands next in order, beating that of Jackson by 330 yards, the highest on record up to yesterday. The race, as our readers are aware, was for a silver cup, valued at £40, to become the *bona fide* property of the winner, without any condition whatever. The second man to receive £5, the third £3, and the fourth £2. There were no less than eight entries, viz.; the Aboriginal Indian, Deerfoot; John White, of Gateshead; John Brighton, of Norwich; Mower, of Deerham; Andrews, of London; Newman, of London; Kowles, of Canada; and Pillar, of Cranbrook. Six only of the above "toed the scratch," Pillar and Mower defaulting. An excellent start was effected at the firing of a gun, at 4h. 13 min. 21 sec. White, Brighton, and Deerfoot soon drew ahead, leaving the others in a separate group. Each of the leading trio was in turn a yard or so in advance at the end of the first dozen laps. White was evidently out of condition, and the Indian and Brighton at length shook him off. The others "ran all over the place," but still persevered. The Canadian, who occasionally provoked roars of laughter by his extraordinaray "spurts" and "flashes in the pan," was a lap behind the leading men at a mile and three-quarters, and two laps in the rear at two miles and a half. No change of importance took place until White slackened for a "sponge," evincing symptoms of distress, and at seven miles and a quarter he "dropped out." Deerfoot having obtained a decided lead, kept increasing it at every lap, bounding on with the greatest ease and indifference, as if he were merely taking a quiet "spin," and Brighton followed in equally good form, running well within himself. It now became a question whether the Indian would not "overlap" Brighton before the expiration of the hour, as the long stride of the former was evidently telling upon him. When eleven miles had been completed, a gun was fired, and 2 min. 43 sec. remained unappropriated. During this interval, Deerfoot completed another lap and 280 yards; Brighton did not complete the eleven miles and a quarter by about seventy yards; Andrews, third; Newman, fourth. Deerfoot was loudly cheered at the close of the match, and the cup was presented to him at Mr. Roberts' in the evening. He felt evidently proud of the trophy, and was to be seen at a later hour, at the Alhambra, with it secured round his brawny shoulders with a leather strap. Brighton also received a large and well-merited share of applause for his plucky performance. The reason White so soon relinquished the contest was in consequence of his want of condition, he only having been in training about ten days. The time, as under, was taken by one of Benson's marking chronographs, Messrs. G. Martin and G. F. Finn, of Canterbury, also recording it:—

Miles.	m.	s.	Miles.	m.	s.
1	4	32	7	36	44
2	9	55	8	42	3
3	15	24	9	47	27
4	20	37	10	52	51
5	25	50	11	57	17
6	31	15			

and in the hour, 11 miles and 720 yards.

THE TURF.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

THE RACE FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.

This race, one of the big events on the British Turf, was run on Tuesday, Oct. 27. Optimist was the only American horse that ran, making but a poor show, taking "a conspicuous place in the rear rank," at least, so says the annexed report.

The Cambridgeshire Stakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, with 100 added from the Town Racefund; winners extra; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 30 sovs to the Judge; Cambridgeshire Course. 196 subs, 66 declared.

Lord Chesterfield's Bathilde, by Stockwell—Babette, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb.....E Martin 1
Lord Stamford's Limosina, by Newminster—Charity, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb, (inc. 3lb ex).....Laotes 2
Baron Niviere's Gomma, by Womersley—Garenna, (bred in France), 3 yrs, 6st 9lb.....Hunter 3
Mr. W. Goater's Aurelian, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Custance 4
Mr. Cartwright's Fairwater, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb.....S Rogers 0
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Optimist, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb.....Fordham 0
Mrs. Osbaldestone's Camerino, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb.....J Osborne 0
Mr. Fobert's Dictator, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb.....Challoner 0
Sir J. Hawley's Argonaut, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Drew 0
Mr. Johnson's Lady Ripon, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb.....Bullock 0
Count F. de Lagrange's Stradella, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (car. 7st 8lb).....C Pratt 0
Lord Coventry's Exchequer, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb.....J Adams 0
Mr. Bevill's Henham Lass, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb.....Snowden 0
Lord Glasgow's c by Barbatus—Clarissa, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb.....T Osborne 0
Mr. Whittaker's Yorkminster, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb.....Carroll 0
Mr. Rodger's Queen of Trumps, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (inc 10lb ex).....H Grimshaw 0
Lord Annesley's Ace of Clubs, 3 yrs, 7st 11b (inc. 7lb ex.).....H Bradley 0
Mr. R. Boyce's Conqueror, 4 yrs, 7st.....Reeves 0
Duke of Beaufort's Doncaster, 5 yrs, 7st.....Judd 0
Mr. Dunbar's Overton, 4 yrs, 7st.....Perry 0
Mr. T. Hughes' M. Phillipe, aged, 6st 12lb (car 7st).....Clements 0
Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's Myrtle, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb (car 6st 11lb).....Daley 0
Lord Westmoreland's Schism, 6 yrs, 6st 10lb (inc. 3lb ex.).....Hardcastle 0
Mr. O'Reilly's Stanton, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb (inc 3lb ex).....D Wynne 0
Mr. F. Swindell's Tolurno, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb.....Bradford 0
Mr. Naylor's Agag, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb.....T French 0
Mr. T. Valentine's Q. E. D., 3 yrs, 6st 7lb.....H Covey 0
Lord Glasgow's c by West Australian—Clarissa, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb (car 6st 8lb).....Doyle 0
Mr. Spencer's Squire Percy, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb.....Mordan 0
Mr. J. Smith's Hartington, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (inc 7lb ex), car 6st 10lb.....Midgley 0
Mr. J. Osborne's Interduca, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb (inc 6lb ex).....Whiteley 0
Lord Chesterfield's Polynesia, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb.....Williamson 0
Mr. Grimshaw's Silkstone, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Wilkinson 0
Mr. Fleming's Magnum Bonum, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Cooper 0
Lord Coventry's Balder, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Maidment 0
Baron Rothschild's Gorse, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb (car 6st 3lb).....Wheatly 0
Mr. Elphinstone's Lapidist, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb.....J Grimshaw 0
Mr. R. Law's Incitatus, 3 yrs, 6st.....E Taylor 0
Mr. F. Swindell's Bedouin, 3 yrs, 6st.....Murfit 0
Mr. Payne's Merry Maid, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (inc 3lb ex).....H Bell, jun 0
Mr. Savile's Vertumna, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....Jebb 0
Mr. Johnstone's Oberon, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....Dixon 0
Mr. W. Day's Manrico, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....S Adams 0

Betting:—7 to 1 agst Myrtle, 8 to 1 each agst Limosina and Dictator, 10 to 1 agst Aurelian, 100 to 8 each agst Clarissa colt and Lapidist, 100 to 7 agst Hartington, 15 to 1 agst Gorse, 25 to 1 agst Bathilde, 30 to 1 each agst Ace of Clubs, Oberon, and M. Phillipe, 33 to 1 each agst Polynesia and Conqueror, 40 to 1 each Gemma and Queen of Trumps, 50 to 1 each agst Silkstone, Agag, Stradella, and Interduca, 66 to 1 each agst Argonaut and Manrico, and 100 to 1 each agst Squire Percy and Merry Maid.

THE RACE.

The forty-three runners were weighed out by Mr. Manning with most praiseworthy despatch, and seeing that this was one of the largest fields that ever contested on the English Turf, the manner in which the scaling of such a large body of jockeys was got through, was indicative of perfect arrangement on the part of the clerk of the scales. Mr. M'George did his utmost to ensure a satisfactory start, but, as usual, there were some displays of fractiousness on the part of a few of the horses, Squire Percy being the principal offender in this respect. At twenty minutes past four, the starter having got the field well together, the signal was given to one of the best starts of the season, but the dimness of the afternoon prevented us from judging of the colours with any precision. They ran in a compact body across the course; Agag, on the lower ground, making the running, followed by Oberon and Gorse, in the middle, and after them came Bathilde, Limosina, Gemma, Aurelian, Henham Lass, Queen of Trumps, Conqueror, Clarissa colt, and Myrtle, running almost in a line. In pursuit of these were Hartington, Fairwater, Ace of Clubs, Lapidist, and Overton. At the turn of the Lands, Gorse held a lead, and Oberon and Agag were beaten at the site of the Old Duke's Stand, and in a few strides further, Baron Rothschild's mare was also in trouble. Bathilde, pulling double, in the center of the course, then came to the front, with Limosino and Gemma right and left of her, and the Clarissa colt on the upper ground. Halfway up the rails, Limosina and Gemma challenged Bathilde, who, however, had the best of her opponents at every stride, and, getting rid of Limosina, won cleverly, after a splendid finish, by a neck; a head only separated the second and third; and Aurelian, who came with a rush at the finish, was only defeated a similar distance for third place; Hartington, who had been outpaced from end to end, struggled home, by sheer gameness, into the fifth position; Lord Glasgow's four year old Clarissa colt was sixth, Stradella seventh, Queen of Trumps eight, and at the head of the next lot was Ace of Clubs. Conspicuous in the rear rank of all, were Lady Ripon, Oberon, Optimist, and Tolurno. Incitatus and Magnum Bonum were the two absolute last. Nett value of the stakes, £2,300.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.—At this convention of speedy "equuses" or "he-cusses"—take your choice—Mr. Ten Broeck's horses took an unsuccessful part on the first and second days. On Monday, October 27, his Curie ran second in "A Maiden Plate," Mr. Ossian's Voivode being the winner; and his Maggiore was also placed second in a Handicap Sweepstakes, Mr. Murphy's Leonora being first. On the following day, in the "Optional Selling Stakes," his Santhal was "nowhere," and the same may be said of Maggiore in a race for a "Selling Handicap Sweepstakes." In the "Cambridgeshire" Mr. Ten Broeck's Optimist also took a back seat, as will be seen in a report elsewhere.

WHO BIDS?—The American horse Optimist (who has put more or less money in Mr. Ten Broeck's pocket during his operations on the British Turf), as well as his horse Amy, are advertised for sale.

HIS LAST RACE.—On Sunday, October 19, Geo. Francis, an English jockey of repute, had his career brought to a close by death. He was known as "The Drover," through John Scott having chosen him from a drove, as he was passing by.

WALTER DAY.—This prominent turfite, nephew of Mr. G. Day, and foreman of a training establishment at Danebury, Eng., died on Oct 21.

A HIGH OLD TIME.

Grim visaged war, with his horrid wrinkled front, has failed to create a wrinkle on the social nature of our wide-awake people, who delight in annual merry meetings, be it at the temples of the drama, minstrel halls, or on the wax-covered floors of the ball room. Such being the case, we did not marvel to discover the old Apollo Rooms, on Broadway, more than crowded on the night of the 12th inst., by "gay boys and girls," with a sprinkling of the "sere and yellow leaf," who gathered together at the invitation of the Independent Columbian Social Club, to "kill time," and dance away dull care to the lascivious warblings of Wallace's Ball Band. And such "footing it" you never did see.. Now, among the beauties there was that witching little creature, Miss M. C——e—neatly dressed in light silk, and very conspicuous, for "she wore a wreath of roses," and carried a bouquet in her "pretty white hand"—when she "stood around" with handsome Tom Kiernan, the gentlemanly President of the club, in a polka, we kinder "gin eout" with—no, it wasn't envy, but something else of the divine sort, and all of a sudden found ourselves "hale fellow well met," with a Young, tall chap, whom we once Lent our presence at the bar, testing the effervescence of "Bourbon sour." Miss M. D——e dressed in black silk, with a sort of Zoo-zoo roundabout arrangement; Miss Julia C——e, black silk, with a light colored basque; Miss L. L——r, and Miss McC——e, all looked very charming, and danced gracefully. Miss M. C——r, dressed in a beautiful silk plaid, whom we detected in a quadrille-chat with Jim Callahan, was the observed of all observers. Her dancing was very clever. Miss E. B——y, a decided beauty, that every dancer was eager to embrace in a waltz, carried off the envious appellation of "Belle of the Ball," to somebody's thinking; but, of course, the majority of the *sei disant* belles couldn't see it. Miss L. W——l, Miss L——d, and Miss M——y, from Cuba, looked charmingly. Space will not admit of further mention of other ladies, and we must crave their indulgence for the omission; suffice it to say, we have seldom enjoyed better company than with the host of ladies who graced the ball with their presence. To Jas. S. Kiernan, Wm. W. Vanderbilt, M. D. Winchell, W. F. Phillips, H. C. Bertrand, and Thos. Van Riper, floor committee, we feel indebted for their many acts of courtesies. May all who participated in the ball of the "I. C. S. C.," live to meet again, Nov. 12, 1863.

BALL PLAY.

MYSTIC VS ROSE HILL.—A match was played Oct. 31, at Fordham, between the Mystic, of New York, which now holds the silver ball as "champion" (?) of the Juniors, and the Rose Hill, a club belonging to St. John's College, Fordham. Both clubs turned out in full force and presented a fine array, but the superior play especially the batting of the Rose Hills, secured them an easy and decisive victory. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

ROSE HILL.	H.L.	RUNS.	MYSTIC.	H.L.	RUNS.
Murphy, c f	4	4	Manson, 3d b	3	2
O'Donnel, 1st b	3	3	Rooney, r f	0	4
Olwell, 3d b	5	3	McCarthy, c f	0	4
Dougherty, p	2	5	O'Connor, l f	0	4
Kenny, l f	2	4	T Kelly, 2d b	2	3
McGarry, s s	2	5	W Kelly, c	2	2
Lynch, 2d b	1	5	W Glover, p	0	3
Smith, r f	3	3	C Glover, s s	1	3
O'Byrne, c	5	1	Gray, 1st b	1	2
Total	33		Total	27	

Of the skill displayed by the respective players we would mention on the side of the Rose Hill, Kenny, O'Donnell, and McGarry, who were all that could be wished in their respective positions. O'Byrne also sustained his well merited reputation of being one of the best catchers to be found in any of our junior clubs. On the part of the Mystic club, Manson, W. Kelly and T. Kelly, played their positions with great credit to themselves, and to the club of which they are members. Lynch, of the Rose Hill, secured a run by a good hit to the left field. Umpire, J. Gaynor, of the Union, of Morrisania.

ATHLETIC VS OLYMPIC.—These rival clubs of the city of brotherly love had their return match together on the St George Cricket grounds, Camac's Woods, Philadelphia, on Oct. 31, and this time the Athletics achieved their much desired and long fought for victory by a score of 19 to 10. The contest was marked throughout with that feeling that should characterize all encounters of the kind, and was in every respect satisfactory. The Olympics were minus the services of three of their prominent players on the occasion, but their substitutes acquitted themselves creditably. We append the full score, kindly furnished us by the gentlemanly scorer of the Athletics:—

BATTING.

ATHLETIC.	H. L.	RUNS.	OLYMPIC.	H. L.	RUNS.
Pratt, p	3	2	E Bomeisler, s s	1	2
Malone, s s	2	3	McCauley, 1st b	2	2
Berkenstock, 1st b	3	2	T Bomeisler, c	2	2
Gratz, 3d b	3	2	C Bomeisler, l f	1	3
Paul, 2d b	2	3	J Smith, 3d b	0	4
Wilkins, r f	3	1	Richards, p	1	2
McBride, c	2	1	M Smith, 2d b	1	2
Moore, c f	1	4	Ashmead, r f	2	1
Hayhurst, l f	0	3	Warner, c f	0	3
Total	21		Total	21	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	2	1	4	2	2	3	5			—19
Olympic	2	2	1	1	0	0	4			—10

FIELDING.

	Fly. B'ds.	Base.	Total.			Fly. B'ds.	Base.	Total.
Pratt	1	1	1	3	E Bomeisler	0	0	0
Malone	0	0	0	0	McCauley	0	0	8
Berkenstock	1	1	7	9	T. Bomeisler	1	2	0
Gratz	0	0	0	6	C. Bomeisler	0	1	0
Paul	2	0	0	2	J Smith	0	0	1
Wilkins	0	0	0	0	Richards	0	0	0
McBride	1	4	0	5	M Smith	3	0	0
Moore	0	0	0	0	Ashmead	0	0	0
Hayhurst	0	1	0	1	Warner	0	1	0
Total	5	7	8	20	Total	4	4	9

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Pratt	0	0	1	0	0	0	E Bomeisler	0	0	1	0	0	1
Malone	0	0	2	0	0	0	McCauley	0	1	1	0	0	0
Berkenstock	0	0	1	0	1	0	T Bomeisler	1	0	1	0	0	0
Gratz	1	0	1	0	0	0	C. Bomeisler	0	0	0	0	0	2
Paul	0	1	0	0	0	1	J Smith	1	1	1	0	0	0
Wilkins	0	0	0	0	0	1	Richards	0	0	0	0	0	2
McBride	0	0	1	0	0	0	M Smith	0	0	2	0	0	0
Moore	1	1	2	0	0	0	Ashmead	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hayhurst	1	2	0	0	0	1	Warner	1	0	1	0	0	1
Total	3	2	8	0	1	3	Total	4	2	7	0	0	6

Missed on the fly—C Bomeisler, 1; Warner, 1; Pratt, 1; Hayhurst, 1.
Missed on the bound—M Smith, 1; T Bomeisler, 1; Hayhurst, 1.
Put out at home base—J Smith, by Pratt.
Home runs—Wilkins, 1.
Run out by J Smith, Paul and Hayhurst.
Passed balls—Bomeisler, 8; Wilkins, 1

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FRED SHAW,	MLLE LEONORA,
NED RILEY,	MISS LUCIE CLINETOP,
W. H. GRIFFIN.	MISS SALLIE CLINETOP,
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DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS
AND BRASS BAND OF TWELVE PIECES COMBINED,
Pronounced by the Press and the Public, to be the
MOST COMPLETE AND EXTENSIVE TRAVELING BAND IN EXISTENCE,
excelling and far superior to all other Companies.
Observe the great Corps of distinguished Artists:

J. E. GREEN,	GUSTAVE BIDAUX,
C. H. DUPREZ,	M. AINSLY SCOTT,
HARRY SLATE,	C. LAVALLEE,
J. KELK,	J. H. KELLOGG,
G. POND,	SIG. LEWIS,
E. HOLMES,	A. S. PRENTISS,
A. CONNAIR,	JOHNNY CAMPBELL,
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WM. D. BENNOIT,	GEO. DUEBAU.

All under the Direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN,
Managers and Proprietors.
The above Talented Troupe will commence their Ninth Annual Tour, by first visiting all the principal Cities in the New England States, introducing the very
CREAM OF MINSTRELSY,
Embracing a variety of New Burlesques, Tragedies, New Overtures, Operatic Choruses, New Eccentricities, Laughable Sayings, New Plantation Songs and Dances, Music, Fun, Frolic, Superior Singing, Mirth, Fancy Dancing, and Irrisitible Comic Ethiopian Delineation, to suit the million lovers of the burnt Cork Institution. CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.
31-3t* Agent and Business Director, A. S. PRENTISS.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:

MISS LOUISA WELLS,	MISS LIZZY WALKER,
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MISS FANNY THOMPSON,	MISS MINNIE LANIER,
MLLE ADA LAURENT,	MLLE JULIETTE,
MLLE THEODORA,	MLLE CAROLISTA,
MISS LIDA HIBBARD,	MLLE FLORA,

MLLE LOUISE WALBY,

EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE,	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
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A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
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These, with many minor members constitute
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Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
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IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
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Montgomery street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietors and Managers.
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Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Maguire's Opera House, and Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento and Marysville. 10-tf

NOTICE TO THE WASHINGTON PUBLIC.—Beware of Thieves.—Certain unprincipled Negro performers in this city, have lately introduced a series of my Original Ethiopian Sketches. Farces, &c., and have had the audacity and brass to represent said material as original with themselves. At present this is my only method of redress; giving this notice to a generous public merely to show up such acts of thieving and trespass as ungentlemanly, contemptible, and calculated to injure my hard-earned reputation. CHARLES WHITE,
444 Broadway.
The Sketches, Farces, &c., above alluded to, are as follows:—Black Chemist, Black Statue, Old Hut at Home, Vilikins and Dinah, Portrait Painter, Fisherman's Luck, Skating Carnival, Coopers, Rival Brothers, Mischievous Nigger, Uncle Jeff, Magic Penny, Burlesque Circus, Jealous Darkey, The Haunted House, and several others. 36-3t*

MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
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Agent Masonic Temple,
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MELODEON MUSIC HALL,
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JOHN SIGERSON.....Proprietor.
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WANTED—a FIRST CLASS DANSEUSE—none others need apply. Address as above, stating terms, &c. To one that will suit, a permanent engagement will be given. 31-2t*

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—This popular place of Amusement is now open for the Season, with a full and Talented Company. STARS wishing Nights will please address
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One of the most finished and beautiful structures in the West. Stars will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, Manager. 24-

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R. M. HOOLEY.....Sole Proprietor and Manager
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Comprising the following well known members of the profession.

ARTHUR HUGHES,	JOHNNY BOOKER,
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GUSTAVUS PERCY,	J. W. HILTON,
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Who will appear nightly in a superior entertainment, embracing all that can be included in the repertoire of Ethiopian Minstrelsy. For particulars, see programmes.
Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cents.
31-tf

SANFORD'S OPERA TROUPE.
MR. SANFORD begs leave to inform the public that he has closed his Philadelphia Opera House, and will perform for
TWO WEEKS,
At the Maryland Institute,
BALTIMORE.
The Company will open for the Fall and Winter Season, at
HARRISBURG, PA.,
On MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1st.
Stars treated with on liberal terms. Address
SAMUEL S. SANFORD, Harrisburg, Pa.

CARD.—Mr. Sanford begs leave to return thanks to his friends and the public, for the patronage bestowed upon him since his location in Philadelphia. His withdrawal from Philadelphia, at the present time, is in consequence of the great inducements to appear in Baltimore on Monday evening, previous to the opening of the season at Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa. The Troupe appear there, for the Fall and Winter Season. Mr. S., at the same time, would inform his friends that he is negotiating for an Establishment, to be built on Chestnut street, in the vicinity of the Hotels, which will be ready by June 1st., 1863, when he will have an opportunity of presenting a Company and an Opera House which will be a credit to the City, and a field to display (which has always been wanted) the great Sensations of Minstrelsy, the life-like Manners of the Plantation, and the Origin of Negro Muse. Until then, I bid you farewell.
32-1t* S. S. SANFORD.

BOB EDWARDS' GAYETY MUSIC HALL,
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OPEN FOR THE WINTER SEASON,
REFITTED, DECORATED, PAPERED, PAINTED, AND SIX SPLENDID PRIVATE BOXES, NEW DROP, and SPLENDID ORCHESTRA SEATS.
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The Champion Clog Dancer of the World.
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The Wonderful Lilliputian Pantomimist and Dancer.
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THE CHEAPEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
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The most finished Balladist in the country.
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The greatest Danseuse of the age.
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MR. GEORGE SMITH,
and a most beautiful Corps de Ballet of
FORTY YOUNG LADIES.
The whole forming the greatest congression of artistic excellence ever engaged in one establishment.
☞ First class Performers desiring engagements, will please address as above. 32-tf

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Sole Lessee and Proprietor..COL HARRY HOWARD.
Stage Manager.....JAMES CAMPBELL.
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The only place of Amusement in the City.
The following Ladies and Gentlemen are now performing at this Establishment:

MILLIE FRANCES,	BEN STEVENS,
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SAMUEL CHESTNUT.
First week of the GREAT ALBANY FAVORITE,
CHARLEY KANE.
WANTED—A FEMALE JIG AND FANCY DANCER.
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MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
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MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Having concluded highly successful engagements in Buffalo and Rochester, will perform at
ELLSLER'S THEATRE, CLEVELAND, OHIO,
Commencing Monday, Nov. 3d; and at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Commencing Monday, Nov. 24th.
30- A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

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ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
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JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
This new and beautiful temple of amusement will be completed and
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22d, 1862.
For elegance and comfort, this Hall will not be excelled by any similar establishment in the country. VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS, embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopian Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
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AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
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COLUMBUS, OHIO.
This Theatre has undergone extensive alterations and improvements. All first class performances, Concerts, &c., can rent it for nights, or play on shares, by addressing
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Academy of Music,
Cleveland, Ohio.
The Dramatic Season will commence on the 1st of January. Stars will please address as above. 24-

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Season will commence MONDAY, Oct. 20th. Stars please address J. C. MYERS, Manager. 27-6t*

THE GLADIATOR AND MEG MERRILIES.—The greatest caricatures of the age. Every collector of Cartes de Visite should have one. Price 25 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York. 31-1t*

ELIJAH NEWMAN, sleight of hand performer, is sought for by his brother G. Newman. If Elijah, or any one knowing his whereabouts, will give us the "tip," they will oblige, etc.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN,
Lessee and Manager.....Wm. Wheatley,
The present Lessee and Manager of Niblo's Garden, N. Y.
In undertaking the management of the Brooklyn Academy of Music for the present brief season, Mr. Wheatley begs to inform the public that the want of
GOOD AND APPROPRIATE SCENERY,
which must have been so indisputably felt by them during the only period in which
EDWIN FORREST
has previously appeared in this city, is at length entirely remedied. It is with entire satisfaction that this has been done by the liberality of the present Board of Directors. He is consequently enabled to assure the public that the performances of the
GREAT TRAGEDIAN
will now not only be supported by a
THOROUGHLY EXCELLENT DRAMATIC COMPANY
including the whole of the talented artists who have appeared with him at
NIBLO'S GARDEN,
but the pieces in which he has to appear will be placed upon the stage with an
ADMIRABLE "MISE EN SCENE"
which will be for the FIRST TIME submitted to the public, and which he sincerely trusts will, in every respect, satisfy their most exigeant and critical desires.
He would also beg leave to announce that he has entered into an arrangement with the celebrated artist
MATILDA HERON,
who will appear on TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS of the two weeks of his lesseeship of the
BROOKLYN ACADEMY.

MONDAN EVENING, NOVEMBER 17, 1862.
FIFTH NIGHT OF
EDWIN FORREST.
HIS ONLY APPEARANCE AS
OTHELLO.
Iago.....Mr. J. McCullough
Desdemona.....Mrs. J. H. Allen
Emelia.....Madame Ponisi
Musical Director.....Mr. Harvey B. Dodworth

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 18, 1862.
MATILDA HERON.....as.....CAMILLE
Her third appearance in Brooklyn.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 19, 1862.
EDWIN FORREST.....as.....GLADIATOR
THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 20, 1862.
EDWIN FORREST.....as.....MACBETH
FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 21, 1862.
EDWIN FORREST.....as.....RICHARD III
SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 22, 1862.
MATILDA HERON.....as.....CAMILLE
The public are respectfully informed that during this engagement, none of the characters embodied by Edwin Forrest CAN POSSIBLY BE REPEATED.
N. B.—The performances will commence at a quarter to eight o'clock precisely. The doors open at 7½.
With the exception of the Press, NO FREE LIST.

PRICES.
Admission.....50 cents.
Reserved Seats.....50 cents extra.
Family Circle.....25 cents.
☞ The Box Office will be open from 8 A. M., until 5 P. M.
Treasurer.....MR. PHILIP WARREN.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
THE ORIGINAL
IRISH BOY AND YANKEE GAL,
Commence their Annual Season at the
WINTER GARDEN,
On MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17th,
and appear every evening during the week, in their celebrated impersonations. 32-tf

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
32-tf CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILAD'A, PA.
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
☞ Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
ROB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
32-3m Proprietors.

WANTED.—
THREE NEGRO COMEDIANS.
Apply immediately, to R. W. BUTLER,
31-1t* American Music Hall, 444 Broadway.

JOSEPH SANDERSON, or any one knowing his whereabouts, will confer a favor by sending his present address to the CLIPPER. He was formerly connected with the panorama of the Russian War. 32-tf

"THE ACTRESS," 191 double column pages, 13 full page illustrations, 50c.; "of the Circus," 50c.; "Clifford and the Actress," 50c.; "The Opera Dancer," 50c.; "Memoirs of an Actress," 50c.; "Marie Lessaire, or, the Ballet Girl's Love," 25c.; "Parlor Theatricals," 75c.; "Juliette Moore," by Willie Ware, Author and Actor, 15c.; and while you are ordering, enclose TEN CENTS for "Kate Vaugh," the SENSATION NOVELLETTE, by Day, pronounced "RICH, RARE AND RACY" by the Five Cent Monthly. Send annexed prices to CHAS. H. DAY,
1t New Haven, Conn.

"LES MISERABLES."
Managers and others wishing copies of W. W. Pratt's new adaptation of
"FANTINE,"
will please address WM. W. PRATT,
Care of W. B. English,
1t* National Theatre, Boston.

MRS. W. B. ENGLISH'S RAVEL TROUPE.
The above named popular troupe are now making the tour of the Canadas, and have just finished a highly successful season at Quebec. Every member of the company is a star in their profession. The company includes MARIETTA ZANFRETTA, the famous SIEGRIST BROTHERS, ALEXANDER ZANFRETTA, the Great Violinist, AUGUST MULLER, M'LLE JESSIE DUPREZ, M'LLE ELOISE GRAVET; MONS. and MADAME MONTANARI, SIGNOR CAPOLO, SIGNOR C. MULLER, &c.' &c.
Performers of acknowledged ability wishing engagements, will please address MRS. W. B. ENGLISH,
National Theatre, Boston, Mass.
2t* WM. W. PRATT, Agent.

OUR LETTER BOX.
☞ We have letters for Messrs. Samuel Sharpley, Harry Ball, J. T. Boyce, E. Holmes, Sidney Welkins, James Gaynor, Tony Pastor, James W. Wilder, Wm. Brough, E. Eddy, John T. Pool, and Denzer Brothers.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Nov. 17, '62.

The city wears a lively aspect, and amusements keep "well up." Theatres, minstrel halls, and concerts, all seem to be doing well. There is nothing extraordinary to record of the past week, and but little change to be noted of the present.

Edwin Booth closed his engagement at the Winter Garden, on the 15th. The latter portion of his engagement was more successful than the opening. All things considered, he has much reason to be gratified with his reception in the metropolis. He had Edwin Forrest to play against, and a portion of the time the Ravels, who never fail to attract large audiences. Mr. Booth goes to Boston, where he will open on or about the 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, who have been doing such a splendid business in Boston, Providence, etc., commence a series of their attractive performances at the Winter Garden, this evening, 17th inst. Several new pieces are to be produced during this engagement, which, no doubt, will equal any previous performances of this talented couple.

It is given out that Geo. Francis Train has been training for an intellectual set-to with Henry Ward Beecher, but we don't believe it. Wouldn't it be a rich treat to see these two sensationers pitching into each other? Some wicked scamp intimates that Train and Beecher are going into partnership in the Christian camphene business, with a little train oil thrown in to make things work smoothly. We shall see, anon.

"Rachel the Reaper" was re-produced at Laura Keene's on the 10th, before a "discriminating," but not numerous audience. We were present on the 11th, when another "poor but honest" gathering was in attendance. "Rachel the Reaper" is in three acts, and *one scene*, so that the scene shifters have an easy thing of it. It is a capital little play, and the acting of Mr. Wheatleigh, as the old soldier who fought at Waterloo, is among the best and most life-like performances we have ever witnessed. Laura Keene's Rachel is also a very natural characterization. Mr. Lennox, as an Irish hand, has a nice little part, which he rendered very effectively, and, for his laughing song, received the compliment of an *encore*. Betsy Baker was given as an afterpiece, with Mr. Stuart Robson as Mouser, in which part he appeared to good advantage. Mr. Robson is a comedian of no mean abilities. He has up-hill work of it in New-York, because he is not in the "set" with those who have the "call" with our metropolitan critics. Let Mr. Robson persevere; the people will do him justice, and *then* the "learned critics" will render unto Robson the things that are Robson's, etc. "Blondette," a fairy spectacle, is announced for the 24th, when it is hoped that business will improve. It is said that while this piece is running, Laura contemplates a little run through the provincial towns, accompanied by Mr. Blake and Mr. Wheatleigh.

Another band of minstrels has been organised in this city, under the management of Mr. M. C. Campbell, who has had as much experience in the business as the best of those now en-

gaged in it. **Mr. Campbell has secured** the Palace of Music, corner of 14th street and 6th avenue, which has been altered with a view to an improvement in the acoustic qualities of the house. A new floor has been laid, so that all present may have a good view of the stage: a new vestibule has also been built, and altogether some very desirable improvements have been made. The opening night of Campbell's Minstrels was Monday, Nov. 10, when, we are informed, the attendance was very large. In Mr. Campbell's company are included Messrs. Ned Davis, Geo. Gray, Clifford, Raynor, Eddie, Solomons, Mead, Hill, Gibbs, etc., etc. There is a very large population around the Palace of Music, and with a first class company, Mr. Campbell ought to succeed in gathering them in.

They have been playing "Poole" all the week at the New Bowery, the new drama of "Blueskin" meeting with great success. Mr. Poole has reason to be gratified with the reception his last literary effort has met with.

You may talk of your tragedies, and your tragedians, but if you have not seen the tragedy of "Othello" as enacted at Wood's Minstrels, you have missed the greatest of them all. Frank Brower's Othello is a rare piece of acting, and draws tears of "lafture" from stout-hearted men, and pitying women. Frank is well supported by E. Horn as the gentle and guileless Desdemona. The death struggles of this victim of "man's inhumanity to man" makes countless thousands smile. Oh! it's a killing performance. "Othello" is on this week, and we presume that Wood's elegant hall will have another run of large audiences.

The Ravels re-appeared at Niblo's on the 10th, before an immense audience, and their business has been very large all through the week. It is really astonishing how these people draw, when it is remembered that most of their pieces have been worn out in the service years ago. It is given out that they leave for Europe at the close of this engagement.

Revivals are the order of the day. "Central Park" has been revived at Wallack's, and pretty fair audiences have "been there." This week it will alternate with "Bosom Friends," etc.

G. L. Fox's ninth weekly benefit took place at the old Bowery on the 14th. The first two or three were liberally patronized.

Henry Ward Beecher has a big opposition playing against him at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—no less than Edwin Forrest and Matilda Heron. Beecher's constituents are delighted with Jack Cade and the Gladiator, and equally well pleased with the erring Camille. Big houses have rewarded each performer. On Sunday, Henry has the field all to himself, and will monopolize the postage stamps.

The Hutchinson Family—what's left of them—are to give us a series of concerts this week. The result of the recent election doesn't seem to have discouraged this "band of brothers." Its a wonder that Greeley don't join the crowd. They say he can sing a pretty good comic song. Ring in, brother Horace, ring in, there's worse men than you in the business.

Barnum has got a lot of "Esquimuxes" at his Museum. We *guess* they're all right, although its hard to trust the great showman after his manufacture of mermaids and wooly horses.

Bryants have brought out "Jeemes the Poet," and it is said to be a funny production, although it may be said that the funny business is the great feature of this troupe. A capital programme is announced for the current week.

The Academy of Music will be occupied on the 20th with a grand concert in aid of the "Institution" for the children of sick, disabled, or deceased soldiers, wherever or whatever that is.

Capt. Thos. S. Hamblin—son of the departed Manager Hamblin—is now in town, his health having failed under his hardships and sufferings during the war.

The German Opera continues to prosper at Wallack's old stand. Now that we have the Italian Opera at the Academy of Music is the time for "our folks" to make their own comparisons. "The Magic Flute" shows what Carl Anschutz can do, and to-night (17th) he follows up his triumphs with Beethoven's "Fidelio."

"Dinorah," goat (no goak) included, is set down for the 19th at the Academy of Music, and Mdlle. A. Cordier is to make her first appearance in this country as the heroine, who disappears into "the raging canawl," instead of going home and taking a good dinner ah!

Kate Fisher was in town the other day, having closed her triumphant star engagement of eight weeks at the National, Boston. Kate left again on the 14th, to commence biz. at Toronto, where she follows Charlotte Thompson on the 17th. We consider Kate one of our most promising actresses, and should not be at all surprised if she were to "drop in" and see us again some fine morning before leaving this city for Europe and a more extended fame, which the lady's meritorious qualifications well deserve.

T. Mason Jones, the Irish orator, well known on the European Continent, as "Garibaldi's Englishman,," is giving some lectures at Irving Hall, on "Garibaldi and the Italian Question," commencing on the 17th.

The Seventh Regt. National Guard Band gave their opening concert for the season at their armory, Tompkins Market, on the 15th. Signor Grafulla's usual plan will be followed out, of giving those concerts on alternate Saturday evenings.

The Philharmonic Society of Morrisania, N. Y., gave its initiatory and complimentary concert at the Atheneum, under the "batonship" of their leader, Mr. Speck, on the evening of the 11th inst., to a crowded house. The gems of the evening were the singing of two very pretty ballads, by Mrs. Jamison, accompanied by her son on the piano forte, which were enthusiastically encored; the violin solos of Miss Tuch; and the *duo dramatiques* on the piano by Messrs. Speck and Muller. In the chorus and glee singing, we should not particularize, perhaps, but shall be pardoned for alluding to the Misses Grimes, Miss Mary Jane Miner, Mr. Steadman, and Dr. Aitkin, in terms of commendation, who, notwithstanding the nervousness consequent upon a first appearance, sang excellently as leaders of their parts. Much praise is due to Mr. Speck for the proficiency his pupils have attained under his able instruction in so short a time—one year only. The citizens of Morrisania should foster the institution; and if other towns of limited population would follow the example, the musical taste of our people would be much improved, much additional enjoyment would be experienced, and our professional talent at home, largely added to.

The Stadt Theatre will have a great bill on the 4th Dec., for the benefit of Mdme. Steglich. Shakespeare's "Othello" is the principal item. Daniel E. Bandmann gives the Iago, Mdme. Methua Scheller the Desdemona, and Capt. Hoym the Othello. Our German friends are quite likely to "step up to the Captain's office" about that time. Bandmann's Iago will also be likely to cause another solemn convocation of (supposed) critics.

There is considerable "cottoning" going on, in the public mind, towards our Germanic friends, their literature, and their music. A comedy by Nestroy, called "The Three Scamps," is in preparation at the Old Bowery. Qualified journalists can see the signs of the times.

J. G. Methua has prepared a very fine translation of "Hermance" for Maggie Mitchell, and the play will soon be produced. Another is preparing for Matilda Heron.

That new pantomime at the New Bowery, in which Tony Denier is to do the Jupiter Tonans of the biz., is set down for the 24th, but we think it more likely to come on Thanksgiving Night. A new play is also in preparation.

Our announcement of the enterprise of the Duprez & Green's Serenaders in going to New Orleans, seems to have awakened a similar activity among our dramatic friends. Lewis Baker, one of the right sort of men in all places, sailed from this port on the 15th, fully expecting to obtain a lease of the Varieties Theatre there. Hope so, any how. Lewis has with him Mrs. Gladstane, Messrs. Vining Bowers, and George Ryer. We hereby whisper to Gen. B. F. Butler that "it's all right," and, if any doubt on the subject, the public will "make it right in the morning" after seeing a good performance, as in "the olden time" of American fraternity.

"Be lively, lads." So we go. Go in. Three Ethiopean comedians are wanted at 444 Broadway. See advertisement.

Some doubts are said to exist whether the "John Chester," so much complained of by professionals, is the "Mr. Chester" formerly assumed as a *nom de theatre* by Isaac C. Pray. We shall see.

"Turn about and wheel about!" All lovers of negro minstrelsy who are fond of comparing the merits of the different bands, ought not to miss dropping in upon our Brooklyn neighbors, Hooley's Minstrels, right opposite the City Hall. Strangers will find Hooley's Opera House just as easy of approach as those in our city, getting out in good season with a keen appetite for supper, after the weakness consequent upon a hearty good laugh. Jump right aboard the boat for Brooklyn, take the cars up to the City Hall, pay your postage, and after seeing the show you will be sure to want to go again.

DRAMATIC.

"Green Bushes," rendered remarkable by the performances of Madame Celeste in the part of Miami, was presented for the first time on the banks of the Missouri, at the Leavenworth, Kansas, Theatre, on the 3d inst. A correspondent, "Appius," whose letter bears date, Leavenworth, Nov. 3d, makes mention of the theatre, and its company, as follows:—

FRANK QUEEN—Verily, old CLIPPER friend, Tempora Mutantur! What do you think of "Green Bushes" away out here on the banks of the muddy Missouri, hundreds of miles west of the spot where the scenes of the second act are laid? Don't we progress some? I have been hoping for a long time for some indications of a CLIPPER special, or occasional, for our Kansas country, but in vain; so I'll e'en essay a few items for the benefit of the profession, and your readers generally. Be it known, then, that we have a theatre of our own out here—a cosy little place, capable of seating about 500 persons. A. S. Addis, a citizen of this town, and a photograph man, as you will see by the bills, is lessee and proprietor. John Templeton does the stage managing, and the company consists of a number of ladies and gentlemen that would do credit to any little affair out West. Perhaps you would like to know who they are, and what they are doing? You would? Well, Mrs. Harry Jordan is leading lady; Mrs. C. F. Walters, whilome of 444 Broadway, singing chambermaids; Mrs. Templeton (Helena) 1st walking lady; Mrs. J. R. Healey, respectable utility; Mdlle. Aubrey, danseuse and utility; with two or three more to fill up. The male members are—ranking in the order named—Templeton, Harry Jordan, J. R. Healey, C. F. Walters, O. B. Brace, (who got a cut on the head at Shiloh and was discharged from the army,) O'Neil, scenic artist and old man; French, recently from Arkansas; Charley Jordan, and a half dozen others, more or less, who are yet unknown to fame. They have produced several pieces very finely, and among such I may mention the "Heir at Law," "Still Waters," and "Leap Year." "Green Bushes" is up for to-night with Mrs. Jordan as Miami. How will she do it? Not exactly her style, I should fancy. Mrs. Walters is an immense favorite with the "boys" here, and she does sing superbly.....Geo. Boit, the prince of the drama in Kansas, has disappeared, and 'tis said that he has changed his name again and is now in Memphis.....The "fascinating Hudson," and Sister Lola, were here during the early part of last season, but they soon were "off for Baltimore." Julia was irresistible. Ask the Major..... ....."The Red Man of Agar" is doing a little "in an honest way," at his concert hall; but as its a "free blow," he can't get rich right off.....A programme occasionally will keep you posted as to matters out here.

We understand that the actors of Washington, D. C., are making arrangements to present a medal—as a token of respect to Lieutenant Robert McWade—the talented young actor, who has been in the service of his country for the last sixteen months—for the honorable manner in which he has represented the theatrical profession in the army of the Union. Lieutenant McWade is in McClellan's army, and has taken an active part in eleven engagements, and one siege; through all of which he has escaped unscathed; but we are sorry to inform his many friends that the exposure to all kinds of weather has settled a disease upon him that has compelled him to withdraw from the field to Washington, where he is at present under medical treatment. An affection of the right lung is said to be his complaint.

The beautiful tragedienne Miss Fanny B. Price, and Mr. D. Hanchett, were in the second week of an engagement at Syracuse, N. Y. They appeared on Monday evening, Nov. 10th, in the Hunchback, Miss Price as Julia, and Mr. Hanchett as Master Walter.

Miss Mary Mitchell essayed the part of Camille in the play of that name on Wednesday evening, Nov. 5th, at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va. She was welcomed by a large and appreciative audience. In refering to her Camille, our correspondent "Thespian," says:—"Matilda Heron has identified the part with herself, and no one after witnessing her incomparable delineation of the Coquette, can witness another's performance unbiassed; but Miss Mitchell certainly did well, meriting that which she received, a call before the curtain. Mr. Chester made his first appearance (at this theatre) in the higher walks of the drama, as Armand. Mr. Chester *wanted* so excessively that it detracted greatly from the success of the play. The De Varville of Mr. Edwards was a superb piece of acting, and this gentleman only wants experience to become a good actor. The Prudence of Mrs. Marshall was one of the features of the play. She pleased greatly. The other characters were in good hands, and were well rendered. The 'Lady of Lyons' was offered on Thursday evening; Camille was repeated on the 7th, and on the 8th, Miss Mitchel personated Mrs. Haller in the 'Stranger.' On Wednesday evening, Mr. C. B. Bishop, comedian, late of the Holliday Theatre, Baltimore; made his first appearance as Tom Tape in 'Sketches in India.' He was well received."

Mr. Couldock has been succeeded at the Pittsburgh Theatre by Mr. Eddy. Our correspondent, "Now and Then," of date Nov. 12, says:—"The success of Mr. Couldock during his six nights stay at the theatre, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his warmest friends. For his benefit he produced the 'Chimney Corner' and 'Advocate,' in the leading parts of which he certainly has no superior. Both pieces were admirably put upon the stage, and were equally well performed. The house was crowded to excess in every part, and the dress circle presented a prettier appearance than it has for a long time past, as the ladies seemed to vie with each other in the quality and beauty of their crinoline and head gear. Mr. G. D. Chaplin, the coming man, acquitted himself handsomely in two parts on the above occasion. So well did he perform, in fact, that he actually shared the honors of applause with the shining Couldock. Chaplin is an excellent stock actor, and is certainly a man bound to raise in the profession. He possesses a strong but pleasant voice, a beautiful and muscular form, and is withal a young gentleman whom the ladies call handsome. Mr. Chaplin has only one thing to fear, and that is the flattery of friends. Should they succeed in making him believe that he now is fully posted, and has nothing further to learn, then indeed will he be apt to stand still; and never climb above the position of a stock actor in a Western town. But should he rely upon his own good judgement to assist him, critics of the East and West will one day not far in the future, have a chance to speak of his splendid abilities. .....Miss Kate Selden, the pretty young lady of wealthy parents, has now appeared in some half dozen characters, two or three of which she rendered very creditably, but for her Norah Creina so much cannot be said. However, as she may have been laboring under disadvantages on the evening she represented Norah, it would seem harsh to say too much of her acting on that occasion. Of course Miss Kate has much yet to learn, but as long as a disposition is shown to improve faults, encouragement ought to be extended towards her. It is feared, though, that she lacks power, which is so very essential to a lady adopting the profession. For the past three or four evenings she has not appeared, and it may be presumed that she is confining herself to hard study. She possesses as great a variety of wardrobe as any lady connected with the theatre for a long time past, and it has been remarked that all her dresses are not only of the finest texture, but are made to fit in a faultless manner. Miss Seldon's *rentree* is anxiously looked for by the younger male attendants of the Old Drury.....On Monday, Mr. E. Eddy appeared here after an absence of a number of years. He opened in Brutus, which, by-the-by, is a piece that never did draw in Pittsburgh; and, consequently, he had not an overflowing house. On Tuesday a much larger crowd assembled to see the 'Rag Picker of Paris.' To-night he will produce the sensation drama of the 'Dead Heart,' which is expected to run for several evenings. Mr. Eddy played it with success elsewhere."

Miss Julia Daly has played a very successful engagement at St. Louis, culminating on the 8th inst., in a grand complimentary benefit, tendered to her by some of the hosts of friends she has made in that city. The St. Louis Theatre was packed to repletion, and the fair Julia the *cynosure* of all eyes. The pieces given were "The Daughter of the Regiment," Miss Daly as Josephine; "Jenny Lind," Madame Pozzoni kindly volunteering to do Jenny Leatherlungs; the performance concluding with a new farce called "Absence of Mind;" Jerusha, (with songs) Miss Julia Daly. "Seneca" says:—All went merry as a magic bell, and Miss Daly takes with her the kind wishes of numerous friends, the recollections of a profitable and pleasant engagement, attended with a liberal share of *eclat*.....Miss Jane Coombs appears to-night, and though a stranger to most of our lovers of the Drama, she is preceded with a goodly report of beauty and talent, either of which will assure her an engagement profitable to herself, and "the management." You may look for a fair report from me of what she does, and how she does it, in next week's letter.....What a pity it is, that in writing to you I cannot praise every member of each company of which I write, for, "alas and alack," though I try my best to be honest—praising those who deserve it, and not mentioning those who do not—still each week some one, or more, "do not see why I do not mention them," and one excruciates me by saying he "could write better notices with his eyes shut." Unfeeling cuss, how could you say it, when you know I'm so willing to acknowledge it?.....At the Varieties, "Putnam" is the particular feature, and grand attraction. Mr. Derr, as Putnam, exceeds anything he has so far undertaken among us, and looks and acts the brave old "hero of '76" to the very life. The whole piece is well done, and in my next I will try and do justice to it, and the people who play the many parts therein. Haste now forbids my saying more than this; the piece is well put upon the stage, well acted, and draws immensely. Miss Clara Butler re-appears at the Varieties on the 13th inst., and will be gladly hailed by her many friends about those diggings. I have a funny story to tell you of Constantine, but "time" is called, and I am "out of time" now.

It is rumored that a number of actors and actresses are about to start for New Orleans, to open a theatre in that city. Among the performers mentioined in connection with the speculation, are Messrs. Lewis Baker, George Ryner, Vining Bowers, Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker, Mrs. Chanfrau, and others.

George Kunkel has rented the Baltimore Museum, and proposes to inaugurate a series of theatrical entertainments therein.

From San Francisco we have advices to the 20th of October. The following items are embraced in Sherry Corbyn's last epistle:—

Maguire's Melodeon.—This house was closed under the Smith management, on the 12th, as a Melodeon, and re-opened to-night, the 20th, with an Italian Opera Troupe.

The American has been doing poorly during the past week, with J. H. Taylor as the star; which, by the way, is no fault of his, as he is a very good actor, but high prices and an indifferent company are enough to swamp any one here.

Metropolitan.—Since the reduction of prices, this theatre has been doing an excellent business; the company is really the best that I have seen in California.

The Union.—Since the Great Buchanan has abandoned this beautiful little theatre to burnt cork, it has likewise been abandoned by the public; it is still open, but I fear that death is near, unless a more skillful doctor than Walter Bray can be found to minister to its complaint.

John Wilson's Circus.—This mammoth concern has returned from its summer tour, which is said to have been a great success. It will open to-night on the Old Exhibition Lot, next to the International Hotel, and I expect will be crowded, for Wilson has an excellent company, including Sebastian and wife, the Orrin Family, Master Romeo, Peoples, Le Roy, and Franklin, as principals, backed up by that comic team, Bill Worrell and Joe Pentland. By the way, Joe asks me to say that he hopes to greet his friends in New York in about ten days after you receive this; so look out for the next steamer.

Gilbert's Melodeon.—This popular place of amusement stands without a competitor in the field. Frank Medina and his very clever boy are now performing at this house; where the Worrell sisters—of whom little Jennie is the brightest star—and Annie Urie also shine.

Bella Union, as usual, full nightly.

Mrs. W. H. Leighton, with her excellent dramatic company, will return to this city to-night. Ralph Phelps has succeeded in piloting them through the interior to some purpose, for it is said they return laden with rich oro.

Frank Hussey's Minstrels have gone to Frazer River.

Cremorne Gardens.—This is the new name given to Hayes' Park, which has been leased by Ralph Phelps & Co., who will open it in grand style next Sunday. Particulars in my next.

Willows.—These beautiful gardens continue the attractive feature of our Sunday amusement seekers.

The report that H. B. Platt would build a magnificent theatre on Montgomery street, has dwindled down to some talk about a small minstrel hall.

How about Adah Isaacs?—Is she coming, or is she only humbugging us. She has been announced by two managers; one even went so far as to put up bills in front of his theatre, and offered to make all sorts of extravagant bets that she would be here and play for him before the 12th of November, while another produced her own letters accepting an engagement to open in October. Have a care, Miss Adah, or the excitement that has been so well worked up here, may die away.

Hamlet says "There be players that I have seen," etc., and perhaps we may be allowed to say "There be Hamlets that we have seen," etc. In such a large garden as this of Uncle Sam's, we may reasonably expect a sufficient variety of Hamlets (among our various towns and hamlets) to work out the problems of doubt which the conflicting opinions of critics have created. For our part, we fully believe that neither the character nor the play named after him are yet proportionately and adequately understood by the (so called) "learned" critics. That the great masses of people in any country where "Hamlet" may be read or performed are never tired of studying it or witnessing such performances of it as they can, is the best proof of the inspired and immortal quality of Shakespeare's authorship, which is clearly "not for a day, but for all time." Such an author well knew the artistic relations between physiology and the passions—the temperament inherited with the soul immortal—and there is much fun, positive fun, in observing how different minds discuss the same subject of study. Strange as the fact may seem, to the Germans, such as Tieck, the two Schlegels, Laube, etc., we owe some of the most elucidating commentaries on Shakespeare, and to Goethe we owe the first positive assertion that what Anthony Aston calls Hamlet, "a young student just from the University of Wittenberg," should be represented as a "fat and phlegmatic Dane." Still more strange is the fact that Thomas Betterton (of whom Aston wrote much double-edged criticism) played Hamlet when approaching "three score years and ten," and made up for the character as a fat, thick-legged, slow-motioned, and meditative man, and Aston does not miss the opportunity for calling Betterton's Hamlet "fat," "clumsy," "stuttering," and "slightly pock-marked!" Here is a Hamlet for sentimental young ladies! Thus we may see that the stage gave us a fat Hamlet long before any commentator mooted the idea. "Old Thomas" Betterton's merits were so clearly acknowledged, that both writers and speakers of his day used to speak of his performances as "the Betterton-Hamlet," "the Betterton-Brutus," "the Betterton-Othello," and so forth. A greater compliment could scarcely be devised for any actor. Both Anthony Aston and Colley Cibber agree that it was well deserved. In 1740, "Honest Colley" Cibber wrote, "I never heard a line in tragedy come from Betterton wherein my judgment, my ear, and my imagination, were not fully satisfied, which, since his time, I cannot equally say of any one actor whatsoever." A year later, 1741, (and thirty-two years after the death of Betterton) London had its doctors of divinity and hi-hi-ing bishops all rushing to Goodman's Fields to admire "the big Richard" of "Little Davey" Garrick, "the gentleman from Ipswich." From Garrick's time to the present we must presume the reader to be familiar with the most prominent examples. We think Betterton an exemplar not easily to be bettered. As an actor, his loss was pronounced by the highest dignitaries —"*deus et dolor*," etc.—"the grace and grief of the stage." As a man, his loss may be inferred from the fact that his sorrowing widow lost her reason by her grief. Of the Hamlets at present upon the stage, the public are as well able to judge as we are. Without pretending to take any side in the argument as to lean and thoughtful Hamlets, or jolly, black-beer-drinking, and meditative Hamlets, we might here be allowed to offer a few generalized remarks, such as may be suggestive if not conclusive. It has been our lot, at many a fancy ball, to meet with spindle-shanked young gentlemen, who evidently thought that they were doing Hamlet to perfection, and walking around upon legs which looked like the number 11 on a street door. We have as often thought that this is drawing the picture rather too fine. Upon the stage we frequently observe a similar affectation. Romeo in sables may pass, but a fiery Italian, chock full of love and passion, and a phlegmatic philosopher of a Danish prince, whose hesitating meditations never lead to any practical action of his own, certainly are two very different phases of human character. The key to Hamlet's meditative character may be seen in the fact that *not one* of his deliberative plans is effected with any resultant action made by himself. Society has many such men. They are all the time talking about what they are "going" to do, but, in fact, achieve nothing by their own agency. The events around them occur without either their hasty or enduring participation. They are so busy meditating and doubting, "too precisely on the event," that events come along without their intentionally "taking a hand in," and thus they are left "the mere creatures of circumstances." Thus it is with our doubting and deliberating Dane. As regards his physical condition, all conjectural allusions in the text of the play are as nothing in comparison to the positive assertion from the mouth of the Queen during the fencing scene—

"He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows.—
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet."

This shows that Friend Hamlet comes from a carousing family, and that the Americans are not the only people who dish up their important events with a drink. A comical commentary came off in the West, when Robert (sometimes profanely called "Fighting Bob") Jones, now the efficient stage manager at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, was formerly traveling with a dramatic company. Bob thought he would "stick up Hamlet" on the bills, and he did so. When evening came, Bob made his appearance among the other performers in the usual dress of the character, but "filled out" with an enormous pot belly. They asked him the reason. Bob replied "Go to; doesn't Hamlet say—'O that this too solid flesh would melt?'" and Bob said that he had a "new conception" of the part. They made no further objection, but a general snickering was kept up. The curtain arose, and "Hamlet's time was come." Bob "protruded" himself on. A Hoosier, who appears to have "seen Hamlet a few," bawled out "I'll be squashed! I've seen knock-kneed Hamlets, bow-legged Hamlets, and round-shouldered Hamlets, but never before a pot-bellied Hamlet!" This was a good "goak" on Brother Jones, for there is much difference between a "pot-bellied Hamlet" and a stout young Northman, such as Shakespeare intended, and whom the story proves to have been too mentally sensitive for contending with his responsible situation as a Prince, and his other unfortunate circumstances. Well may Hamlet exclaim—

"The time is out of joint:—O, cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!"

The National, Boston, has lately experienced quite a revival during the attractive engagement of Kate Fisher, who is now at Toronto, commencing with this week. In "Mike Martin," "The Three Fast Men," etc., or as Margaret Catchpole, etc., Kate is hard to catch, and still harder to beat.

Tom Greely, the jig-dancer, recently came near getting his wizen cut, while sitting enjoying the amusements at Rhodes's Melodeon, San Francisco. It seems that a misunderstanding existed between Tom and Joey Laforest, a pretty waiter girl employed there, and the gal made an attack on him with a bowie-knife. The affair created intense excitement, as might be expected, but the *Tribune* editor's namesake managed to wrench the weapon out of Joey's little hands, and afterwards gave her into custody. We have not learned what the misunderstanding was about.

The following, it is said, was printed on a play bill some thirty years ago: "After the comedy of 'Town and Country,' in which Booth appears as Reuben Glenroy, Mr. Edwin Forrest will recite Goldsmith's Epilogue, in the character of Harlequin, and conclude by leaping through a barrel on fire." Only think!

Managers wishing to go into a "fantigue" about "Fantine," and "Les Miserables" generally, are advised to examine the advertisement of W. W. Pratt, author of a new adaptation suitable for the stage.

The "Black Doctor," a new play, revived at the Walnut Street Theatre, last week, by Mr. E. L. Davenport, is condemned by the press as very immoral, and as unworthy such an actor as Mr. Davenport. It is of the amalgamation stamp, a white girl marrying a black man, he acting as her servant to conceal the relationship existing between them; like Othello, the Black Doctor becomes jealous, his wife flirting with the nobility, etc. It is said to be a horrid mess of stuff, and a disgrace to the stage. It has been shelved for the present, and the "Wizard of the Wave" takes its place. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport entering upon the third week of their engagement.

Mr. J. S. Clarke is still drawing well at the Arch, Philadelphia. The comdy of "Giralda, or the Invisible Husband," and the romance of "Robinson Crusoe" are to be re-produced this week, with Mr. Clarke as Gil, the Miller, and Nip Cheese.

E. Eddy is now in his second week at Manager Henderson's, Pittsburgh. "The Dead Heart" is in lively rehearsal.

E. Eddy follows J. W. Neafie at Manager Tom Hampton's, Hartford, and Eddy is to be followed by Matilda Heron, who will accompany Tom in one of his doing-good tours among the cities in that direction, and then wind up in an engagement on her own account, at the Boston Museum, about the middle of December. Tom Hamptom is the general for light artillery—a sort of Figaro.

"Marrying for Money" was withdrawn, after a couple of samples, last week, at the Boston Museum. A piece that William Warren and Kate Reignolds could not save, may fairly be set down at past redemption. By the way, we believe that Miss Kate has not been absent a single performing night this season. This shows what "Katy" has "did."

Adah Isaacs Menken, after resting a brief space in Cincinnati, opened at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Wednesday, Nov. 12. On the 13th she appeared as William, in "Black Eyed Susan," when this character was so forcibly and truthfully rendered, that several ladies had to be removed from the theatre, by the overpowering effect it had upon them. The great Scotch drama of the "Whistler" was put on the stage on Saturday, with Adah as the Whistler, a wild, impulsive, half crazy Scotch peasant. In this part she is equally effective, her dialect being as canny as canny can be, and quite up to Agnes Robertson's native Scotch vernacular. On Saturday, "Black Eyed Susan" was repeated, with the drama of "Jack Sheppard," Adah as Handsome Jack; she can't be beat in that line, any way. Miss Menken's benefit was to take place on the 17th, the piece set down on the bills being "The Three Fast Women." The press and public of old Baltimore are quite taken with Adah's style of acting—crowded houses and highly complimentary criticisms the order of the day.

Peter C. Cunningham made a successful appearance at Sydney, New South Wales, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in "Rob Roy," on the 6th August.

J. W. Lanergan is the star this week for Manager Myers, at Providence R. I. Mrs. Waller follows next.

The Richmond (Va.) Varieties came out strong on the 7th with a new comedy called "The Foundling," and a new drama called "The Partisan Ranger," winding up with "The Limerick Boy." By the underground railroad, we have already been able to give the names of the company.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway are conning their way nicely at Pike's, Cincinnati.

The Boston Theatre opens with "Hamlet" on the 24th, under Edwin Booth, as per previous advices. "Harry Smith" is the stage manager, and the company has all the really good artists lately at our Winter Garden, with many attractive additions.

Wm. Wheatley now has a lease of the Boston Theatre, and will follow Edwin Booth with Edwin Forrest, etc., intending to be the permanent lessee of that house, Niblo's in New-York, and the New Chestnut, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Miss Richings, "those perennial favorites," and everywhere welcome, took their farewell of Cleveland (Ohio) friends on the 14th, and left for Washington, where they commence on the 17th. They deserve all their success.

Fred. Shouler's version of "Die Grille," or "The Cricket," and called by some people "Fanchon," is very successful in the West. Marion Macarthy as Fanchon, W. H. Riley as Landry, and Felix A. Vincent as Didier, make a strong team, and have been well received thus far.

The Washington Theatre, under Dolly Davenport's stage management, is going along fair and easy.

Miss Nina Foster makes her first appearance on any stage next Monday at the Boston Theatre, now likely to become what it was originally intended, the leading theatre of the Modern Athens.

Aug. Waldauer has a new play, scene partly in Savoy and partly in Paris. The heroine is a country maiden, and named Marie. Nuf ced, except that St. Louis is likely to bring the piece forward.

So many jokes and accidents are going around about Mdme. Anna Bishop, that we begin to suspect a new hand (agent) at the bellows.

Another new play is in preparation at the Boston Museum.

The Bateman party are now in their second week at the Howard, Boston.

Mrs. G. Melville is becoming quite a favorite among the good folks at Rochester, N. Y.

Mdlle. Frances O'Harra is proving her versatility at Oswego, N. Y.

Laura Honey has been enchanting the Toronto folks, taking "the scarlet coats" prisoners, and is now resting for a new start soon.

Charles Barras and Sallie St. Clair are creating the strongest kind of a revival at Indianapolis. That comedy of his, "The Hypochondriac," is a safe card. He is also arranging a new spectacle. Sallie is another sure card. J. Wilkes Booth follows them at Indianapolis.

Hanchett's Dramatic Company did well in Syracuse, N. Y., and are now in Auburn.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Now that our native political smoke is clearing off, we may gain some benefit by observing the state of affairs in other quarters. Off there in Liverpool we perceive that G. W. Moore, the bones of the Original (Montague) Christys, makes no bones, although a warranted American, of offering himself as a candidate for the "plumper tickets" of the Liverpoolians—that is, all those in favor of extending the domain of negro minstrelsy into as "many lands" as like the fun. We well know that Brother Moore is considerable of a wag—with the bones also—but were not quite prepared to find him "going on" as a sort of political Bonaparte. However, as Moore seems more of a favorite than ever in Europe, we have no doubt that our English friends gave "fair play" to the following document:—"TO THE ELECTORS OF LIME STREET WARD.—Gentlemen—A highly influential deputation having presented me with a requisition most numerously signed that I should present myself before you on Thursday evening next, Oct. 23d, at eight o'clock, at the St. James Hall, Lime street, as a candidate for public favor, I have acceded to the request, and will address you from the stage. I have appeared before you at different periods for the last six years; and I flatter myself, from the applause I have received, that I have given my constituents the greatest satisfaction. Should you do me the honor of crowding the room, I will make myself acquainted with all matters appertaining to your welfare and interest, and will endeavor to get the duty repealed on the corns of your poor feet; or any other man. Gentlemen, it is to my Benefit that you muster early and strong. The doors will be thrown open at seven o'clock, when I will promise you everything in my power, and everything out of my power. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

G. W. MOORE (Bones).

Committee Room, Christy's Minstrels, St. James's Hall, Liverpool, October 18th, 1862.

Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels, having closed in St. Louis, open this week in Cincinnati.

Ned Deaves, one of the olden time minstrels, is performing at the Union Theatre, San Francisco, California.

Japanese Tommy, "the nondescript," has made a great hit with Morris Bothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston. He has appeared as the monkey, in Scipio, with great success. Tommy is a great curiosity, whether on or off the stage.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels (late the Reynold's, Burgess, Thomas & Newcombe troupe) gave a concert in Arcade Hall, Lockport, N. Y., on the 11th. Sharpley, although it was his first appearance there, gave much satisfaction, and a correspondent writes that should he visit Lockport again, he will draw a crowded house.

Although "much has been sung and likewise said," on the subject of "the Christy's Minstrels" on both sides of the Atlantic, the true history of "the real Simon Pure" article is much "henwolloped" in doubt, especially among our British and Irish cousins. The best of banks are the most likely to have counterfeits. "Hypocrisy is the best compliment vice can pay to virtue." And so forth. There is also another phase in the public mind, arising from a natural degree of suspicion when too much is promised. Everybody knows the "goak" and bet of the nobleman who took his stand by the Royal Exchange in London, and offered good gold sovereigns for a shilling each, one entire day, without finding a single customer. When we see the name of "Christy" announced, although by some person bearing that name, it does not always follow that he has any right to use the trade mark or name of "Christy's Minstrels." Some of these days we may go into the subject of how the Christy Minstrel biz. has been done, overdone, and turned over, in this country. Our object, at present, is to show the origin and course of the principal "original" Christy Minstrels now abroad. A recent communication from G. W. Moore, (de Bones,) in one of those companies, has not only revived our "points" on their early history, but gives many interesting particulars never yet told "out of school," and which we now make public for the first time. Pony Moore does not write pony letters; he sends a bully article, although evidently not a newspaper arranger. The way performers (T. Christian included) have gradually become christened a Christy, is certainly very interesting to observe. The first party taken out to England as Christy's, consisted of J. Raynor, Earl H. Pierce, T. Christian, D. Wambold, W. P. Collins, G. J. Meeker, Joe Brown, A. Nish, and W. Burton, in 18—. After playing for several months, the health of E. H. Pierce began to fail, and Raynor sent over here for G. W. Moore, who had been accustomed to doing the biz. of a bones in this country. When Moore arrived, Pierce was dead, and Raynor took the company himself on a long tour among the towns in Great Britain and Ireland. Prior to this time, D. Wambold left and came home here, but Raynor engaged G. J. Wilson in Wambold's place. Joe Brown also left, but W. H. Howard was substituted by Raynor. Mert Sexton "happening along," Raynor next "made a Christy" of him. In a little over a year after Pierce died, Raynor retired with a nice little fortune. Then Collins, Wilson, and Nish, took the apostolic powers, and reorganized with G. W. Moore, T. Christian, G. W. Meeker, Mert Sexton, W. H. Howard, J. Spiller, T. Rainford, J. Morris, and E. Murray. This party traveled and did well for about eighteen months. Meeker died, and S. Steele was put in his place, about January, 1862. After a while, some dissensions arose. Collins and out to Wilsom and Nish, and organized a new company, calling themselves "the Original Christy's Minstrels," at St. James's Hall, London. This has D. Wambold, S. Burbank, Mert Sexton, J. Spiller, W. Burton, Roberts, Basquin, West, and W. P. Collins. Wilsom and Nish kept together until June, 1862, when Nish sold out to Wilsom, and organized a third company of "Originals," which is now on its way to the Cape of Good Hope, on its way to India. This last party consists of Joe Brown, Wash. Norton, T. Rainford, S. Steele, C. Stewart, J. Melvin, and A. Nish. Thus we may see how much of "the old leaven" remains among the three parties. T. Christian, at present with Moore, Wilson, etc., and formerly with the late E. P. Christy's party, seems to be the most "original" Christian apostle of the lot. In speaking of this party, having Moore, Wilson, etc., we are somewhat compelled to use Mr. H. Montague's name by way of distinction, he being their secretary and manager. They have G. J. Wilson, first tenor; G. W. Moore, bones; J. P. Crocker, tambo; E. Warden, composer; T. Christian, all sorts; J. Ritter, alto and wench dancer; Howard, jig dancer; J. G. Romer, basso; Harold, first violin; H. Norman, second tenor; Merrells, second violin; E. Morton, and others. Here are three thimbles. Which the pea is under may best be told "by de light ob de moon;" but Montague's party, including Moore etc., are the best entitled to the title of Christy's Minstrels.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels were at Rochester, N. Y., on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, creating considerable demand for twenty-five cent documents.

Sanford has closed his performances at the little saloon in Concert Hall, Philadelphia. The last entertainment was given on the 15th. Mr. Sanford intimates that a new hall is to be built for him in Philadelphia, which is to be completed by June next; that he will then introduce to Philadelphia one of the best companies ever organized, and that the entertainments will be of a superior quality to anything of the kind ever offered in that city.

The Buckley party, with Julia Gould, continue in Boston.

Talk about Scipio, and all the other big generals, (not at Washington,) you ought to go and see "Scipio, the Intelligent Monkey," as reduced into the modern vernacular at the opera house of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston. "The Alley-Nay-Gay-Aus" is another big feature this week. A new pantomime, with hard knocks, is in preparation. Perhaps we ought not to tell all this, for the house don't begin to hold the crowds of patrons.

CIRCU

THE COCK FIGHT.

[The following copy of verses, upon two cocks fighting, was written by Dr. R. Wild, more than one hundred years ago. The work from which we make the extract is called "The Complete Gamester," and was published in 1754.—ED. CLIP.]

Go, you tame gallants, you that have a name,
And would accounted be, Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to show for't, and can crow,
And count all dunghill breed that cannot show
Such painted plumes as your's; which think't no vice,
With cock-like lust to treat your cockatrice.
Tho' peacocks, woodcocks, weathercocks you be,
If y'are not fighting-cocks, y'are not for me.
I of two feathered combatants will write;
And he that means to th' life to express their fight,
Must make his ink the blood which they did spill,
And from their dying wings must take his quill.

No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and all that would had bet;
But strait the skillful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they dy'd, to have their winding sheet.
Into the pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his no'er before seen foe,
And like a challenger began to crow,
And clap his wing, as if he would display
His warlike colors, which were black and gray.
Meantime the wary Wisbich walks and breathes
His active body, and in fury wreathes,
His comely crest, and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground.
This done, they meet, not like the coward breed
Of Æsop; these can better fight than feed:
They scorn the dunghill, 'tis their only prize,
To dig for pearls within each other's eyes.
They fought so nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
To th' skilful, whether they did fight, or no;
If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
Had not bore witness of 't. Yet fought they more;
As if each wound were but a spur to prick
Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick,
Or red, than were their eyes; 'twas hard to know,
Whether 'twas blood or anger made them so.
I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood
More safe, by being fenced in with blood.
Thus they vy'd blows, but yet (alas) at length,
Altho' their courage were full try'd, their strength,
And blood began to ebb. You that have seen
A wat'ry combat on the sea, between
Two angry, roaring, boiling billows, how
They march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;
Swelling like graves, as tho' they did intend
T'entomb each other o'er the quarrel end;
But when the wind is down, and blust'ring weather,
They are made friends, and sweetly run together;
May think these champions such; their blood grows low,
And they which leap'd before, now scarce can go;
Their wings, which lately at each blow they clapp'd,
(As if they did applaud themselves,) now flapp'd.
And having lost th' advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each other's blood they only reel;
From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their funeral.
And yet they fain would fight; they came so near,
Methought they meant into each other's ear
To whisper wounds; and when they could not rise,
They lay and look'd blows into each other's eyes.
But now the tragic part! After this fit,
When Norfolk cock had got the best of it,
And Wisbich lay a dying, so that none,
Tho' sober, but might venture sev'n to one;
Contracting, like a dying taper, all
His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
And now, poor Norfolk, having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by antipathies:
With him (alas!) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'er saw, his heart must rue.
At length, by chance, he stumbled on his foe,
Not having any power to strike a blow,
He falls upon him with his wounded head,
And makes his conqu'ror's wings his feather bed:
Where lying sick, his friends were very chary
Of him, and fetch'd in haste a pothecary;
But all in vain, his body did so blister,
That t'was uncapable of any glyster;
Wherefore, at length, opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a scriv'ner, and thus made his will.

Imprimis, let it never be forgot,
My body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Decently to be boil'd, and for its tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry womb;
Item—Executors I will have none,
But he that on my side laid sev'n to one;
And, like a gentleman that he may live,
To him, and to his heirs, my comb I give,
Together with my brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his brains did use to crow.
Item—It is my will to the weaker ones,
Whose wives complain of them, I give my stones;
To him that's dull I do my spurs impart;
And to the coward I bequeath my heart;
To ladies that are light, it is my will,
My feathers shall be given, and for my bill
I'd give a Taylor, but it is so short,
That I'm afraid he'll rather curse me for't;
And for th' apothecarie's fee, who meant
To give me a glyster, let my rump be sent.
Lastly, because I feel my life decay,
I yield and give to Wisbich cock the day.

THE SHILLING HELL;
OR,
GAMBLING IN LOW LIFE IN LONDON.

In our last we gave an account of the principal aristocratic gambling houses in London. This week we change the scene, and describe another phase of society connected with the "play table."

In quitting for a time the high life of the play-ring, I must not omit to mention that John Aldridge and his partners became proprietors of the Hertford club, Piccadilly. The Earl of Belfast was the chairman, and the committee was composed of men of the highest families in the kingdom, including members of both houses of the legislature. The house was originally built for the Marquis of Hertford; since the club was dissolved, it has been converted into chambers. The proprietors of the club disagreed among themselves. "Imperial Rome, when torn by faction, fell;" and so did the Hertford Club, or gaming house, which you will; in those days the terms were synonymous.

About the year 1831 or 1832, play first became common. Harding Acsland, a man of great fame at that time, an inveterate and spirited player at anything, "from marbles to manslaughter," as the saying is, opened the first shilling hell in the metropolis, (that is to say, shilling stakes) No. 60, Quadrant, Regent street. His speculation was successful beyond all calculation. He created a new school of players. No longer was gaming confined to the aristocratic circle; the shilling hell embraced every order of tradesman and commercial clerk, and hence its dire influence on a portion of society quite unable honestly to struggle under its pressure. Few serious people can be aware of the destructive fascinations of the gambling vice.

The life of a gambler possesses more excitement than any other. The generalissimo of the army, the leader in Parliament, the minister himself, feels nothing of agitation and excitement when compared with the inveterate gambler; he feeds, he lives, he enjoys nothing but that which the play-table affords. The Turk may eat opium, the drunkard may tipple, the smoker may enjoy his tobacco, but their senses fall short in delight to the exciting stimulant of him who risks his all upon the throw of a die at hazard, or the turn of a card at *rouge et noir*; and, like unto the drunkard, it is seldom indeed that his evening's diversion will bear the morning's reflection. The real gambler in heart will sacrifice anything and everything at the shrine of the fickle goddess. Friends and fame are prostrated by his excesses; he is not capable of the ordinary feelings of man; he blasts his hopes, and with them his better intentions. Men, previously ornaments to society, live but to degrade it; moral obligation, formerly revered, dies within them as their fortune dwindles. Men of talent, meteors in creation, become outcasts and wanderers, solely from the pernicious influence of their unconquerable passion for play. I will cite an instance, the truth of which is known, and can be proved by many, very many, living evidences.

A man, once a respectable solicitor, commenced his career as a gambler, some years since, by visiting the first-rate and most fashionable hells in the metropolis, *tempora mutantur*. He has since been found, a miserable and loathsome being, playing even for coppers at a place not inappropriately designated the "Rag and Famish," in a turning out of Granbourn Alley, Leicester Square. Some few years since, the following authentic anecdote occurred:—Having won a few shillings, he purchased a rump-steak, and left it in a miserable coffee-shop in the court alluded to, to be cooked in a short time specified.

He went back to the "Rag and Famish," and lost all he had previously won, with the exception of what he had paid for the steak. After he had lost his last *sou*, he hastened to the coffee-house, and eagerly inquired if they had cooked the steak. Upon being answered in the negative, he asked for it back, saying he wanted to take it somewhere else. His intention, however, was suspected, and he was watched to a butcher's in Newport Market, where he disposed of it for half what he had given, and returned to the gaming room to risk the pitiful produce on the hazard of the die. This truly wretched man seldom took rest; his nights and days were spent in the indulgence of his baneful and ruinous passion. From a peculiarity in placing the dice in the box, he obtained the cognomen of "Jemmy Nipper." Even the table-keepers themselves, in vain endeavored to prevail upon him, knowing his former respectability and present circumstances, to abandon play, and have frequently returned him the trifle he has ventured, upon his pledge not to chance it again; but so completely lost had he become to every sense of moral degradation, that no sooner had he pledged his word most solemnly to that effect, than he has gone to the nearest gambling house, and risked the very money they had, in the spirit of charity, returned to him.

Ackland's shop of work, and its accumulating popularity and profits, produced many other establishments on the same scale; in fact, the West end abounded with them. No gentleman could enter one of these places without running the risk of meeting his tailor there, probably seated next to him, and pursuing the same laudable amusement. I was one night coming out of Ackland's, on the arm of a friend, when we met a gentleman going up stairs, who at that time filled the responsible situation of clerk or cashier at Drummond's. My friend, who was a laceman in Bond street, knew him well, from the fact that they were both members of a whist club, held at the Crown Tavern, Old Cavendish street.

"What do you do here?" said my friend to the banker's clerk.

"I am just going to try my luck for a five-pound note," he responded.

"Don't, for God's sake!" said the honest and good-hearted laceman, in an imploring tone.

"Why not?" was the next question.

"Because," said my friend, "it may be the ruin of you; some one may see you, and if Drummond's people hear of your being here, you will not be kept in their establishment an hour."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the clerk; "I shall only venture a few pounds, and come away directly; and with that he thrust himself past us, and we departed. Not so the clerk; that night he won £1,500. Elated with his success, he again repaired to the hell the next evening; won again from six to seven hundred pounds. A few days after these fortunate, or I should say unfortunate events, one of the partners called him aside, and in an all important whisper requested him to make up his accounts in preparation for his immediate dismissal. When he had done so, he inquired "why?" How superfluous was the question! As his friend the laceman had anticipated, so it had turned out. "You are known to frequent a gaming-house, sir," said the gentleman of the firm. The clerk wished to explain how great a winner he had been. He was stopped short with these most appropriate remarks: "We have nothing to do with your winnings or losings; the circumstance of your visiting such a place is quite sufficient to justify us in informing you that our confidence is withdrawn from you, and you are no longer in our service." He pursued gaming; and earned adversity. It is many years since I saw him, in an abject position, begging a few shillings of those who had known him in prosperity. Long since I have pointed him out to another who had once known him. "There is poor ——, who was in Drummond's; he is shoeless, shirtless, and starving." Such is but one example daily paid as penalty to the baneful passion of the play-table. The betting propensity is about the same in its termination. Sixpenny, fourpenny, and even penny bells succeeded Harding Ackland's prosperous shilling adventure.

A PREACHER MAN IN A FIX.—An odd-looking person joined the passengers on the New-York and Erie railroad the other day, at a distant Western station. When he entered the spacious car he looked round in utter amazement at its extent, and the comfort and elegance of its accommodations. And now he began to talk to himself, which he continued "by the way" until the cars arrived at Piermont. "Wal," he commenced, "this is what they call 'a car,' eh! Wal, it's the biggest bildin I ever see on wheels! Thunder a-n-d lightnin! how we do skit away!"

In this way he ran on, staring around, and talking at everybody, and finding nobody to talk to. At length he saw his man. A solemn-visaged person, with a "choke" tied at that exact point where "ornament is only not strangulation," a straight-collared coat, and a flat, broad-brimmed hat, sitting on a distant seat, "caught the speaker's eye."

"Hello, Dominie! Be you there? Goin down to 'York? How do they do down to L——? How's Mr. Williams gittin on now? Pooty fore-handed, ain't he? Where be you goin'? Goin' to preach in 'York? Ain't goin' to California, be you? Didn't know but you might be; almost everybody seems to be goin' there now." As soon as there was sufficient pause in this avalanche of unanswered queries, the grave passenger replied, "Yes, I am on my way to California." "Lord-a-massey, you ain't, though, be ye? You ain't gin up preachin' hev ye? 'Pears to me I wouldn't. I was to camp-meetin' when you telled your 'xperience and strugglin'. You had the dreadfullest hard time gittin' 'ligion 'at ever I see in my life! Seems to me, arter so much trouble, I wouldn't give it up so. None o' my business, though, o' course. So, goin' to get gold, eh?"

As soon as the roars of laughter, which now filled the car, had subsided, the grave gentleman explained that, deeming California a fruitful field for missionary labor he had determined to go forth as a pioneer in the good work, and he was therefore to sail from New-York in three days for San Francisco.

A HARD FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND A HORSE.—The Norfolk *Reformer* relates the following singular occurrence as having taken place in the township of Walsingham, Canada:—"Mr. Abram Brandow had a very narrow escape one day last week from being killed by a horse. He went into a field to catch his horse, and as soon as he got near the animal it pitched at him in a determined and savage manner, biting Brandow fearfully. Brandow is a strong, able man, and a good horseman, and he fought the horse as long as he could with the bridle, but finding that it did not heed that weapon, he threw his arms around the horse's neck, and his feet around its fore legs. While in this position, he threw the horse down. This, of course broke his hold, and the horse soon got up again and continued the fight with renewed severity. Finally, Brandow threw himself flat upon the ground, giving up all hope, the horse continuing to bite him for some time after he laid perfectly still. Even after the animal had left and gone some distance, it returned and bit Brandow several times. Strange to say, the horse did not strike or attempt to stamp the man, but tried and did kneel on him, as if trying to crush him with his knees. Brandow had his clothes almost entirely torn off, and from one of his arms, the flesh.

OWENS AND HIS APPRENTICE.—John was playing an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, last summer, and was dispatched by the manager to perform for a week in one of the interior towns of western Massachusetts. One day, while sojourning there, a plain good-natured son of the soil came up to him, as he was enjoying his after breakfast segar, and addressed him thus:—

"I say, 'Squire, ain't you the player chap that I see in the theayter, last night, acting out the funny feller so 'cute."

The part alluded to was Solon Shingle, in "The People's Lawyer."

"Well," replied John, with that bland smile of his, "I guess I am."

"I thought so," said the farmer. "Now, I've been a good many times to the theayter, when I've been down to Boston, and seen a hull lot of folks playing all sorts of funny parts, but I never seen any of 'em who could come any where as near you, 'Squire! Yes, you dew take the rag off 'o the bush, acting out a funny feller, and no mistake!"

The comedian evinced his deep sense of the compliment paid him by a graceful touch of his hat; and his new friend proceeded:—

"I never did larf so much in all my born days; and so did my wife, and as to my darter, Metilda Jane, I thought she would have burst. I wonder, 'Squire, if you could larn our Sam. He's a 'cute sort of a chap, and is up to all sorts of queer goings on. Ain't nobody as don't snicker right eout every time they see him in his tantrums. I guess he'd make a funny actor, jest like you, 'Squire, if he only had a chance. 'Spose you couldn't give him a chance, couldn't you? If you only let him try his hand a while, shouldn't mind bindin' him eout as a 'prentice to the play acting business, not charge you much, nother; only take care on him, and don't let him into mischief. Fact is 'Squire, I think that boy 'd jest suit you, for he's a kind of a natural d——d fool enny how."

BUYING WOODCOCKS.—I was recovering from sickness lately, and needed something to tempt my appetite. I thought woodcock, well cooked and served, would move my dormant palate. My Irish servant was told to go down and purchase a pair. Mrs. B., said to him:—

"I suppose you know what they are—those birds with very long bills?"

"Yes mem, I do."

Then turning to the cook, she gave directions for their preparation on the table.

"Well, Jim, did you get the woodcocks?" inquired Mrs. B.

"I did, mem."

"But how much is this—how much change have you brought? What did they cost?"

"Sixteen cents, mem."

"What, sixteen cents for the pair?"

"Yes mem."

"Why, that is extremely cheap."

He stood in a hesitating way for a moment, and then asked Mrs. B., if she would not step down and see them. She walked down to the kitchen, and Jim stepped up to the table, took up a small package which he unfolded, and handed out a couple of the longest kind of wooden faucets.

"Why, bless you, man, these are not woodcocks. Didn't you hear me give directions about cooking them?"

"I did, mem."

"But don't you see that I could not cook one of these? I might have them in the pot an hour, and they would not be cooked."

"I see, mem; I made a mistake. Shall I take 'em back mem?"

HALTER BREAKING YOUNG COLTS.—There is as much advantage in beginning early with a colt as with a boy. It is serious business to most farmers to break a stout four-year old to the halter, and to handling; but begin with a sucking colt, and you have an easy task. He takes gentle handling kindly, may soon be made familiar with the halter, and do your bidding. After a little training the boys can lead him to the pasture and to water, which will be a good lesson for them, as well as the colt.

GREAT PUMPING ENGINE.—The quantity of water pumped up daily for the city of London is 150 000,000 of gallons. Of this enormous quantity 79 000 000 of gallons are pumped by single acting steam engines. One of these engines when working at full power throws 9,000 gallons per minute to a height of 140 feet. The water thus raised is conveyed into London by cast iron pipes 36 inches in diameter. The cyliuder of this engine is 112 inches in diameter, and weighs 36 tons.

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Many fall in love as they fall asleep—with their eyes shut.

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HELEN OF TROY—CANTO XLVII.

When he arrived, the golden sun was shining
In affluent splendor—but his heart was heavy
With weariness, and sadness, and repining—
And so he took a walk upon the levee,
The lordly river and the breeze combining
To rouse his spirit; when among a bevy
Of girls he saw—Heaven's! his heart beat wild!
His long lost HELEN, with a fair young child!

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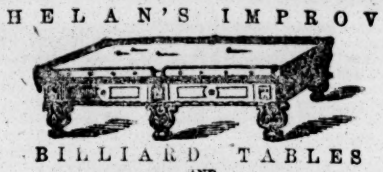

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